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THE CATHOLIC.

THE
CATHOLIC,
AN
HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY
W. H. IRELAND,

AUTHOR OF THE ABBESS, 4 VOL. GONDEZ, OR THE MONK, 4 VOL.
8c. 8c. 8c.

To every sect the Protestant's a friend
By heav'n instructed mercy to extend,
Not so the Catholic ; for he alone ;
Condemns unheard all tenets but his own,
Hugs to his breast the hope of future grace,
And hurls damnation on the human race.

VOL. II.

LONDON;

PRINTED FOR W. EARLE, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

—
1807.

OLIVER

THE OLIVER

THE OLIVER

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THE CATHOLIC.

VOL. II.

CHAP. I.

O ! most pernicious rancour ; that can thus,
Religion's name with profanation slur,
And ray her purity, in blood-stain'd garb,
Of most insatiate murder.——

Are these the advocates of faith ?—the men
Who pastor like into the fold should bring
The scattered sheep, with tenderness and love,
The symbols of their everlasting lord ?
Such are the tenets they profess.—But mark,
How sadly varied shows the pleasing scene,
Where rankling hatred into gall transforms
Fraternity and gentle peace :—no care,
No soft persuasive, eloquence is heard ;
But in its stead, compulsion rears her lash,
While tortures direful, and the flaming brand,
Are the dread engines of extermination.

W. J.

MABEL DONAVAN spent the succeeding day in making such arrangements

VOL. II.

B

as she conceived would tend to the comfort of her future establishment; and on the return of dark, having placed her infant on the couch, she drew forth the manuscript which had engrossed her whole attention on the preceding night, and, turning to the page where she had broken off continued the perusal thus :

CONTINUATION

OF THE

LIFE OF PATRICK O'MARA.

My father having thus established his rooted hatred to every thing which bore the smallest relationship to heresy, was, if possible, more cherished by the monk Sebastiano and his patron Edmund Bonner, who, at the instigation of Patrick O'Mara, began to consult on the possibility of

establishing in London an inquisition founded on the principles of that which flourished at Madrid. For this purpose, and in order that my father might be introduced to the personal notice of the king (who had previously learned from Edmund Bonner how rooted he was to the catholic faith) Patrick O'Mara was delegated to present the plan to king Philip and queen Mary, and for that purpose an hour was appointed in every respect applicable to the subject in question, and at a period when they enjoyed in private the purposed extermination of unbelievers.

To a chamber commanding a full view of Smithfield, where their gracious majesties frequently accustomed to resort with privacy, in order to witness the glorious conflagration which struck at the root of heretical doctrines ; and it was on the first day of July, when king Philip and

his consort attended to behold the burning of the arch-fiend John Bradford, that Patrick O'Mara was delegated to present himself before those sainted defenders of the faith, and lay at their feet the merciful code of Saint Dominick, so calculated, in every respect, for the suppression of even a thought that could mitigate against the Papal see.

Patrick O'Mara at the appointed hour, presented himself at the portal of the chamber which was occupied by their majesties ; and having made known his name to the nobleman attending, he was shortly after admitted into the presence where, upon his knees he delivered into the hand of king Philip the outlines of the plan proposed, who, having graciously received the same, bade him arise, when the following conversation from the journals of my father took place.

“ We have heard much in thy commendation, Patrick O’Mara,” said the king most graciously, “ and we do much commend thy zeal as a rigid partizan of the holy faith.”

“ Beshrew me,” cried queen Mary, “ but we do owe thee much, our trusty Patrick, not for thine own merits solely, but that we do bear in remembrance the goodly works of thy trusty father Dennis, who was to us, and in our cause a most true and active gentleman.”

“ I shall in every thing endeavour to make my life obedient to your highnesses pleasures, which must ever tend to the advancement of religion,” replied my father.

“ See’st thou that monster there,” resumed the queen pointing to the fiend-

like Bradford, who still continued to preach his hellish tenets, though his legs were then devouring by the flames “ doth “ he not merit such a death ?”

“ Yea, he doth, so please your majesty,” replied Patrick O’Mara, bending low his head, “ and by your leave he shall “ have more on’t when he visiteth the “ gulph below.”

“ Was it thine hand that threw the “ baby i’the fire” demanded king Philip.

“ Yea, my gracious liege.”

“ Then art thou truly one of us, and “ we shall bear thee in our dearest remembrance for the same.”

King Philip then withdrawing his regard from my father, fixed his eyes upon the crackling flame where writhed the dying heretic Bradford; in her right hand the

godly Mary held her missal, while in her left, which rested on her knee, were grasped her ebon heads, whereto was hung a comely crucifix.

“ The wretch dieth sturdily,” said the king.

“ Aye, marry,” replied the queen ;
“ he dieth like that he is ; your true-bred
“ dog, that rather will abide his meat and
“ suffer, than let chastisement draw him
“ from his hold ; beshrew me now, but
“ ’tis a charming sight !”

King Philip then placing his hand tenderly on that of his queen, made answer smiling.—

“ It glads my heart that our dear consort hath such holy spirit in her. Mary
“ if our council can but bring about this
“ holy inquisition in our London walls

“ then shall we have our pastime to ourselves, and frame new tortures for these fiends of hell.”

The execution being ended my father humbly took his leave, and with great promises of favour and of royal countenance, straight quitted the presence with further assurances that the plan proposed should instantly meet the privy council's eye, and every effort be put into effect to see its full establishment.

Fully gratified with this flattering reception, Patrick O'Mara hastened to meet the monk Sebastiano and the *reverend* Edmund Bonner, who listened with increased delight to my father's statement, in whose prolific mind however a new scene for action presented itself, which had even escaped the subtle genius of the Spanish father, nor once obtruded itself on the cogitations of the indefatigable bishop of London.

The hour of darkness arrived, and seated at the table, Patrick O'Mara and his two friends, still continued to argue on the necessity and practicability of the inquisitorial scheme proposed, when after a time my father became gloomy and silent, a mighty project filled his brain, and the mode of its accomplishment alone remained to be planned and executed.

This depression of spirits in my parent soon aroused the curiosity of his colleagues, and they in consequence questioned him upon the subject, when he made the reply as follows.—

“Never did human nature boast the
“existence of three individuals more calculated to uphold our cause than we,
“who are at this time assembled; we
“have to acknowledge, 'tis true, a gracious queen fitted for the great work of
“exterminating heresy, and own a mo-

“ narch who delights in the effusion of
“ irreligious blood, but what avails all
“ this, we bask, but in the gleam of an
“ autumnal sun, unless we scarf for ever
“ the wintry aspect. Once hath the
“ loved tongue of rancour proclaimed our
“ queen with child, prayers have been of-
“ fered up, the bells have rung, and uni-
“ versal joy was testified on this occasion,
“ but the momentary delight soon faded,
“ the report was erroneous, and no pro-
“ gny appears to bless our toils, with a
“ prospect of abundant harvest. Far dif-
“ ferent is the scene, one fatal hour may
“ cut our Mary short, and who succeeds
“ her but Elizabeth, (accursed be the
“ name) yea she the friend of all her
“ father’s heresies, the child of apostacy,
“ and the adorer of her deceased brother
“ Edward’s tenets—even she must suc-
“ ceed to hurl us from our seats and level
“ all our labours with the dust. Tell me
“ then,” continued my father, with

energy, “ should this be sanctioned in a
“ christian land? O’Mara scorns the
“ thought, and therefore offers up himself
“ the instrument of vengeance and anni-
“ hilation. Yes, my friends, I will enlist
“ myself the champion of our faith, and
“ in the blood of Elizabeth write down
“ the real doom of heresy.”

Struck with the daring proposition and at the same time conscious of the force of argument produced, Bonner and Sebastiano continued for a time regarding each other in speechless amazement, irresolute in the opinions they should hazard, and equally astonished at the bold intention of Patrick O’Mara.

Bonner at length replied.—

“ Though I allow the expediency of
“ the procedure, yet in a deed of such
“ especial import we must not act but

“ with the cognizance and warrant of those
“ above us.”

“ I laud the conduct of my young
“ slave,” continued Sebastiano, “ yet must
“ accord with the bishop of London, for
“ in a matter which involves such mighty
“ chances——The monk would have pro-
ceeded, when my father indignant at his
words cut short his speech, and in an im-
passioned tone exclaimed.—

“ Then be your doubts your doom,
“ and live to see the days you hate deride
“ you for this want of sternness. I have a di-
“ vining spirit, and mark my words, if e’er
“ Elizabeth ascends the throne, farewell
“ the cause we honour, farewell catho-
“ licism, for this our land is cursed for
“ ever.—Mine is the risk let me abide the
“ judgment of the act, though thousands
“ should condemn the deed I should ap-
“ plaud it.” Patrick O’Mara then draw-

ing his dagger continued.—“Sanction the
“blow, my friends, confer your benedic-
“tion on this blade, and heaven will lead
“me to complete the act.”

“Sheath your weapon, Moor,” replied
the bishop, “on this same theme we will
“have further converse, for e’er the blow
“be struck, Mary shall allow it; ’tis her
“sister’s blood must flow!” After a
pause, my father exclaimed, “It is my
“duty and I obey, but mark me well—
“this deed must be accomplished, or the
“page of perfect bliss is closed on us on
“this side of futurity.”

Such was the glorious scheme proposed
by my father, but which, for want of exe-
cution, has too emphatically verified the
dire prognostic which escaped his lips,
leaving the catholic cause to droop, while
shameless heresy rears its front, and

triumphs even in the cause of dire perdition to the human race. But to proceed:

Flushed with the expectancy of soon beholding a London inquisition, Patrick O'Mara and Sebastiano the monk were unremitting in their formation of new plans of torture for the just punishment of such as should fall under their cognizance; yet fruitless was their heaven-directed toil, for notwithstanding the countenance of king Philip and his queen was given to the scheme, and that the noblemen who formed the privy council were adherents of the faith, yet some there were inimical to the plan, under the impression that such a measure might instigate rebellion among the rabble, while those defilers of the faith for whose chastisement the institution was sett on foot, would use their most strenuous endeavours to fan the flame of discord to the total extirpation of religion, and the subversion

of the government and laws of the realm. Thus failed the great plan on which my parent and his friends had formed the most sanguine hopes under the assured sanction of majesty itself; and with respect to the assassination of Elizabeth, some time elapsed ere it was deemed expedient to sound the temper of the king upon the subject, which was at length hazarded by the reverend Edmund Bonner, whose report of the conference to my father and Sebastiano completely banished all hope of royal acquiescence, as for some apparently conscientious qualms, the monarch Philip passed an immediate interdict upon the execution of the deed, while his gloomy look and abrupt departure from the bishop sufficiently indicated his displeasure at the proposition. Yet in this instance it has since become apparent no real feeling of pity for the princess Elizabeth prompted the conduct of Philip, who well knew

that the health of his consort was rapidly declining, and he had it in contemplation, in case of her demise, to wed her heretic sister; thus yielding the preference to worldly policy, in defiance of the dictates which religion imposed. O! would the monarch have looked but for a moment into the dark page of futurity, could he have witnessed the subsequent failure of his intention, and the disgrace of his mighty armaments, which were too late resorted to, then would he have clasped my father to his breast and sealed him among his heart's dearest friends; but no, he suffered the thirst of aggrandisement to baffle the cause of heaven, and the vengeance of omnipotence pursued him to the sorrow of all true adherents of the faith.

Patrick O'Mara finding his advice unheeded became for a time less active in his measures against the heretics, during

which epoch king Philip sailed from England in order to counteract the warlike proceedings of the French king who shortly after laid siege to Calais and within four days became master of the place, as well as other fortifications along the coast which had been in possession of the English for some centuries. This disastrous news being communicated to queen Mary produced a fatal effect, for she resigned her mind to the most determined gloom, as the loss of Calais deprived the English of the last hold they retained in that country, in addition to which the neglect of her husband Philip, was not a little instrumental to the hastening of her death, which shortly after took place to the infinite sorrow of all true catholics who on the same day were deprived of cardinal Poole, whose zeal for papacy went hand in hand with that which had characterized the proceedings of the ever

to be lamented Mary, with whom expired the ardent hopes of all such as had laboured for the salvation of an heretical and accursed people.

CHAP. II.

Lust, like pent up fire the blood inflames,
Consumes all moral and religious ties,
Lives for itself, destroying all it meets,
And prays without remorse, fearless, and unaw'd
Upon the wreck of innocence and love.

Lust is a furnace in the blood,
A steed without the rein;
A sweeping whirlwind, raging flood;
Insatiate furor vain.

W. J.

MABEL DONAVAN anxious to learn the termination of the history of Moor O'Mara's parent resorted to the manuscript at an early hour, on the following evening, when she read as follows :

CONTINUATION
OF THE
LIFE OF PATRICK O'MARA.

It was the gloomy month of November 1558, which witnessed Elizabeth's proclamation as sovereign of England, and on the fifteenth of January she was crowned amidst the acclamations of her irreligious subjects, whose testimonials of joy were so many wounds inflicted on the heart of mother church.

Scarcely was Elizabeth established on the throne, but she evinced her damnable tenets by overthrowing all those measures which her sister had pursued, and re-establishing the infernal system which had

been tolerated by her father and his son the stripling Edward.

As the vengeance of the protestants was then aroused, the names of such as had been at all active in the true cause were immediately published, and among the foremost appeared Patrick O'Mara and the monk Sebastiano for the arrestation of whose persons a reward was offered, but ever watchful and on the alert, my father and his trusty friend had taken their precautions under the expectation of such a measure, and had embarked for the continent in sufficient time to evade their pursuers.

From that period my father became indefatigable in his exertions in the low countries, and when in Spain he was concerned in forwarding several conspiracies then brooding in England against the queen, who nevertheless escaped the

intended fate through the artful contrivance of her subtle ministers, who aided by infernal powers subverted all our attempts to effect her overthrow

* * * * *

Upon the shameful imprisonment of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of the Scots, the indignation of Patrick O'Mara was raised to such a degree, that he determined on revisiting England, to assist if possible, in effecting her liberation. Actuated by this laudable purpose he made known his intention to his friend Sebastiano the monk, who applauded the scheme, with all the energy of religious enthusiasm, blended with pity, for the immaculate sufferer.

Having mutually their places of corresponding, and my parent receiving an outline of the schemes projected by the

cabinet of Spain, he took the sacrament at the hands of father Sebastiano, and strengthened by his blessing, embarked in disguise under a feigned name for England, where he landed in safety and soon joined in the north, the most zealous advocates of the persecuted Mary Stuart; to whom he found means of delivering all letters of a political nature, during her confinement, until the discovery of the plots of Babington compelled him to seek refuge and concealment in flight; not, however, that he felt any diminution in his exertions, for that martyr'd Queen, whose cause he unremittingly forwarded, and in disguise ventured once more forth to enlist in the schemes of the noble, but unfortunate Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who together with Percy of Northumberland, and the Earl of Westmoreland strove for her emancipation from captivity, but whose just conspiracy being discovered, and the

pursuit after my parent growing very warm, on account of letters intercepted by Sir Francis Walsingham from Spain, which were intended for Patrick O'Mara; he was again compelled to fly from England, and with infinite difficulty effected a safe landing on the coast of France.

One billet from the captive Queen to her enamoured partizan the Duke of Norfolk, and another from that lamented nobleman to his adored Mary, which my father was disabled from delivering to those respective personages, on account of the watchfulness of their guards, contained the following poetical effusions, which evince on either part the most inviolable attachment, that could actuate the bosoms of virtue, honour and truth.

LAMENTATIONS,

FROM THE GLOOMY DUNGEON, OF MARY THE QUEEN:

Wasted to her champion and faithful harbinger of hope,

THOMAS DUKE OF NORFOLK.



How can the bosom's anguish find relief,
Save from the counsel of affection true;
'Tis sympathy that checks the tear of grief,
So Mary claims the balmy gift of you.

Like the wreck'd mariner on troubled wave,
Whose madden'd brain to thoughts of death gives
scope,
Clings to the plank that buoys him from the grave,
So I on thee depend, life's only hope.

Couldst't thou behold me in this chamber drear,
A striking contrast to my former state :
The smile of freedom, now the captive's tear ;
The love of thousand's now my jailor's hate.

One grated lattice here admits the ray
Of that bright orb enlivening nature's page;
No pleasing landscape cheers the ling'ring day,
The scene drear solitude, each hour an age.

No gilded throne my chamber now can show,
Each object here with gloomy thought accords;
The walls to mock me, but renew my woe
For e'en the taps'try painful tales records.

If to the breezy morn I waft a strain,
Or if the evening hears my lute's sad note;
The matin songster's hymn awakes my pain,
Eve's bird the pang renews on which I doat,

No pages fly my mandate to fulfil,
No pliant nobles here attend my nod,
For I in turn am slave to other's will,
And feel the lash of heaven's reproving rod.

Yet when my aching mind reviews the scene,
When fancy pictures all my suff'rings past;
Feeling demands.—“Is this a sister queen?
“How long, Eliza, must my anguish last?

'Tis then the radiant form of hope appears,
Yes, Norfolk's image drives despair afar,
Bright liberty her unfurled banner rears,
And love transports me in pure hymen's car.

Once more in brow-deck'd majesty I seem,
Eager to prove my grateful soul to thee;
For reason whispers in delusion's dream;
Bereft of Norfolk—farewell sov'reignty.

Haste then O haste dispel each gloomy thought;
Since thou alone can'st banish every pain;
Mary shall own her freedom cheaply bought,
Bound to eternity in Norfolk's chain.

MARY R.

RESPONSIVE EFFUSIONS,

Wafted to the mansions of love's queen by the lowliest of her slaves,

THOMAS DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Ah! would to thee my soul might wing its flight,
To prove the fervor of my love-sick pain;
I then might banish griefs; with fond delight;
And prove thou hast not sued to me in vain:

I am the seaman by fate's billows hurl'd,
Amid the torrent of impetuous love;
Thou art my beacon; without thee the world
Were but a waste: I'd look for peace above.

My brain is fir'd whene'er thy wrongs I trace,
And think what contumely marks thy doom:
Still will I strive thy suff'rings to efface,
That thou a queen thy splendour may'st resume.

Then shall the sun's all renovating orb ;
Dear freedom's path with brightest radiance gild :
Thy charms all earthly excellence absorb ;
While I enraptured view my hopes fulfill'd.

Thy sumptuous palaces and wonted state,
Shall banish all remembrance of the past :
Unfading joys thy mandate shall await,
And each new day prove happier than the last.

Then when thou ushers't in the jocund morn,
Or to the eve attuns't thy plaintive strains :
Thy soul no more by keenest anguish torn,
Shall drop the tear and sigh for other's pains.

A loving people then thy power shall own ;
And noble chiefs be proud to act thy will :
For that same fate which robs thee of thy throne,
Can call thee back thy rightful seat to fill.

Let mem'ry then the present ills renew,
Warn thee Eliza's proffer'd love to shun :
Her hatred else this scene my act anew ;
And thou with Norfolk art at once undone.

Oh ! that my efforts may thy wishes crown ;
May Norfolk realize each fancied joy ;
Mine be the task to trumpet thy renown ;
By hymen sanction'd and by venus' boy.

Then as the diadem entwines thy brow,
My feryid passion still shall anxious prove,
That from my soul I spoke the hymeneal vow,
Thy subject as a queen, thy slave by love.

Yes beauteous Mary at thy call I speed,
Since only thou canst banish Norfolk's pain;
Who gladly were from state and fortune freed,
If but eternally to wear thy chain.

NORFOLK.

At the commencement of the year 1572, the catholic vengeance being at its height against the bold innovations of the Hugonots in France, the presence of Moor O'Mara at Paris, was deemed essential to the cause, by his colleagues in Spain, in order that he might ferment as much as possible, those justifiable principles of implacable hatred, which then actuated all true and staunch believers in that country; for this purpose being in possession of the necessary credentials he

repaired to Paris and straight introduced himself to the duke of Guise to whose councils he was admitted, being not only a most active advocate for the system of exterminating all unbelievers, but the principal instigator of that project which was speedily after put into effect; viz. the celebrated massacre of the Hugonots that was so well accomplished, and in the onset of which Patrick O'Mara took a most active part, by striking to earth that arch heretic Admiral Coligny, at the precise moment when the welcome tolling of the bell gave signal for the heaven-directed carnage.

After the enterprizing genius of my father had been exerted in the general cause at Paris, as far as prudence could dictate, he was at length summoned to Madrid by his friend Sebastiano, who since his return to Spain had become a leading member of the fraternity of Saint Domi-

nick, and as he felt the weight of age prey on his faculties, was therefore desirous that Patrick O'Mara should reap some advantage from his endeavours, and receive that recompence for his indefatigable zeal and the eminent dangers he had sustained which he conceived him so justly entitled to.

This summons was instantly attended to, and shortly after my father's arrival at Madrid, he found himself through the interest of Sebastiano nominated to occupy an high and lucrative post in the inquisition, having been first fitted to undertake that employ, by receiving a dispensation from Rome whereby all the progressive ordinations of the church were dispensed with, and in consequence of which Patrick O'Mara was immediately called to the fulfilment of his holy function.

Five years had elapsed from the nomi-

nation of my father to his office, when being one day in the public walks of the city, his attention was arrested by a female form which for loveliness and symmetry of proportion beggared all description, while at her side an elderly female (to all appearance her mother from the yet obvious traces of beauty which were discernable to the eye of observation) appeared particularly attentive and watchful of her lovely companion.

Patrick O'Mara enchained by this bewitching object, became unmindful of the late religious engagements whereby he had bound himself to a life of celibacy, and yielding only to those passions which never having been hitherto aroused, raged in his breast with tenfold fury, his only thought was, the possession of so much beauty, grace, and apparent innocence.

Having with infinite caution traced the route of the signora and her guardian, my

father on his return, summoned two of the numerous officials under his control and upon whose secrecy and determined zeal he could depend, to whom he immediately delivered his orders; which were that they should become acquainted with the names, family and connections of the Signora, and particularly whether any youth was enamoured of the lady and in such case what was the name, &c. of the suitor, all which intelligence was to be procured with the most profound secrecy and promptitude imaginable.

Anxious to merit the commendations of my father, and reap the benefits resulting from his smiles, the two officials with the greatest alacrity obeyed and executed his mandate delivering to Patrick O'Mara, the result of their enquiries which were to the following effect.

That the youthful lady was named

Donna Olivia Andrillo, being the only descendant of a noble family, possessing but the name, and a small portion of that extensive property, which once belonged to her ancestors.

That the elderly female who accompanied her, was her mother, an Italian by birth of the renowned family of Bruno, whose husband Don Ferdinand Andrillo the father of Olivia had been dead some years.

And that with respect to a suitor, many noble youths had made proffers of their love without effect, until the Conde Leonardo D'Algaro a distant relative of the Bruno family presented himself, whose person and accomplishments had effected a change in the sentiments of Olivia, from which period her affections and happiness seemed to concentrate wholly in him, and that an alliance would have taken

place, previous to his departure from Madrid some months before, had not affairs of moment claimed his immediate presence in Italy, from which country however he was daily expected, when the consummation of the nuptial rites was to be performed.

The morning subsequent to the disclosure of this intelligence to Patrick O'Mara, as he sat ruminating in his chamber as to the plan of operations most expedient to be adopted on this occasion, he was at length interrupted by one of his attendants who having received permission to enter the apartment, delivered into his hand a petition from the mother of a youth confined a prisoner in the dungeons of the Inquisition, under the charge of favouring heretical doctrines, the purport of which was an asseveration of his innocence and the most solemn assurance, as to the rigid

catholick principles, which had ever characterized his family and himself.

Having perused the contents of the paper, a sudden thought rushed upon the mind of my father, that as the petitioner was a female, by interfering in her behalf he might procure an agent, who from principles of gratitude would feel herself bound to forward his projected plans upon the person and affections of Olivia Andrillo.

Actuated by this idea Patrick O'Mara gave orders that the petitioner should be forthwith admitted to his presence, which command was instantly obeyed, and in a few seconds appeared before him the person of Honoria Guiscardo, who prostrate on the earth claimed the intervention of my father for the salvation of her offspring.

The numerous heretics consigned to the

torture, whose just punishments my father was in the habits of witnessing, had for a time, on account of their frequency, obliterated from his mind all recollection of the son of the petitioner, whom he at length called to mind from the explanation of his mother, had peculiarly excited his resentment, and that at his last examination in particular he had been strenuous in redoubling the tortures inflicted on his person, in order to extort some confession of his apostacy and adherents. Conceiving nevertheless from the appearance of Honoria that she might prove a desirable acquisition in order to his attainment of Olivia Andrillo, he banished from his recollection all idea of former inveteracy, and promised to use his utmost exertions with respect to her son if she should act according to the dictates which he might think fit to prescribe. Swayed only by the acuteness of maternal love, Honoria acquiesced with every desire of my father, and on the

ensuing day an hour was appointed for her attendance, when she was to be further instructed as to the intentions of Patrick O'Mara, and also learn what interest had been effected from his exertions for the emancipation of her son.

At the appointed period Honoria attended, when my father wrought upon by his powerful passion, and without sufficiently studying the temper of his petitioner, so far developed his intentions with respect to Olivia Andrillo, that he had unconsciously committed his whole plot to her keeping, while she eager to effect the liberation of her child gave a cordial acquiescence to every proposition hazarded by my parent. This interview terminated completely to the satisfaction of Patrick O'Mara, who informed the petitioner previous to her departure that she might expect her son Diego Guiscardo on the ensuing day, freed from the prison of

the inquisition, and pronounced guiltless of every heretical charge which had been preferred against him at the table of the holy office.

The expectant mother big with the hope of clasping to her bosom an only son who had been long kept from her eager embrace attended at the spot before the appointed hour, when having wrought her feelings to the highest pitch of expectancy, the specified portal was at length unclosed, but who can express the emotions of Honoria when instead of beholding in Diego the youth she had formerly caressed as her son, she gazed on a figure emaciated and seemingly bending beneath the pressure of the most acute corporeal sufferings.—Convinced however by the tone of the voice that her offspring really stood before her, Honoria clasped her son to her breast, and after the first ebullition had subsided, being given to understand by one of the

conductors of Diego, that the mercy of his employer had effected the liberation of her child, and that she was the ensuing morning to attend on Patrick O'Mara, the officials instantly departed, while Honoria with infinite difficulty escorted Diego to her mansion, who shortly after informed his mother that the alteration in his health and person originated in the tortures he had experienced, but that he had been bound by oath previous to his quitting his confinement, never to reveal the secrets of the inquisition, so far as he had acquired a knowledge of their proceedings, neither was he permitted to name the person of any one of the Dominican fathers who might have been most active in ordering him to the rack.

Having taken every precaution which the state of Diego's health required, his mother, sway'd by the dictates of gratitude, attended on Patrick O'Mara, who

being fully convinced that he had bound her irrevocably to his service, entered more at large upon the plans proposed, which were to be brought to perfection by the active conduct of Honoria, who was in the first place to gain admission into the family of Olivia and her mother, after which, prompted by the lessons of my father, she was to adopt such measures as appeared conducive to the attainment of his desires.

Thus tutored, Honoria Guiscardo quitted the presence of Patrick O'Mara, and on her return to her son, she found him in some degree freed from the fever and weakness which had on his first emancipation endangered his life.

Diego Guiscardo was then in his twenty second year, and the son of a Spanish officer who had resigned his life in the service of his country, personal enmity in

all probability gave rise to the charge of heresy with which he had been branded, as no subsequent conduct ever tended to validate that assertion, his passions were violent and his vengeance unlimited against any individual who excited that emotion.—Such were the feelings of the individual liberated by Patrick O'Mara, and who on the return of his mother made anxious enquiries concerning the plans she had adopted to effect his liberation. Honoria without disguise developed the whole mystery, to which Diego attended in contemplative silence, shortly after which pressing the hand of his anxious parent, he conjured her to act according to the will of my father, affirming that the mercy he had experienced at his hands demanded the service of his and her future life. Such was the information gleaned by Patrick O'Mara on her next attendance upon him, at which period she had in

some degree effected a plan for her introduction to the family of Olivia Andrillo.

Pleased with these appearances my parent made proffers of exerting his interest in behalf of her son upon his restoration to health, should she prove fervent in her endeavours to forward his plans, at the same time intimating that any sufferings her child might have experienced were the offsprings of pure attachment to the catholic faith, and sanctioned by the religious code of laws instituted by the holy Saint Dominick, who always secured a seat in heaven for such *innocent souls* as should expire under the tortures inflicted for their salvation had they not really been the perverse sons of heresy.

Shortly after, Honoria Guiscardo procured a personal introduction to the object of my father's love, when she became strongly interested for the sufferings of

Olivia, as she found her a prey to the most poignant anguish on account of the Conde Leonardo D'Algaro's continued absence notwithstanding dispatches received some days previous, which intimated that he was then on his return to Madrid and might be expected a few hours after the bearer of this welcome communication.

As the sentiments of gratitude towards Patrick O'Mara, diminished in the breast of Honoria in contemplating the schemes of my father, and beholding the sufferings of Olivia for the loss of him on whom her soul dwelt with rapture, she began to form plans to counteract my parent's desire though she concealed every step from the Andrillo family, and from motives of fear seemed to enter fully into the plans of Patrick O'Mara.

Swayed by these sentiments a gloom pervaded the mind of Honoria, while her

son who observed the alteration in his parent's conduct, entreated that she would confide to him every emotion of her soul, which desire she immediately acquiesced with, by acquainting him with the steps she had pursued, her introduction to the presence of Olivia, the non-appearance of the youthful Conde concluding with her strenuous endeavours to frustrate the machinations of my father, and the horror she felt at being placed (even in appearance) in the light of a creature subservient to such plans as Patrick O'Mara should think proper to adopt.

Diego having attentively listened to the conversation of his mother, entreated her to pursue the line of conduct she had adopted, as every hope of rendering assistance to the unfortunate Olivia depended on such a step; and that with respect to their own personal safety, he

was too well acquainted with the power of the inquisition not to conjure his parent to be guided by policy, if it were only on that ground.

Convinced of the justness of Diego's advice, Honoria determined to play the part she had commenced with all the cunning and address she was capable of adopting; and for this purpose, having received an order to attend on my father, she immediately obeyed the mandate, when he demanded what was the result of her attendance on Olivia. Upon which Honoria, in lively colours, depicted the sufferings of the lady and her mother, originating in the unaccountable disappearance of the Conde Leonardo, who had been expected at Madrid for a considerable time.

Patrick O'Mara expressed a degree of astonishment at the conclusive informa-

tion, when, after a pause of some moments, he acquainted Honoria that the intelligence she had acquired would prove of infinite service to him, as he was thereby bereft of a rival whom he had dreaded, without any disagreeable measure being adopted on his part to remove the Conde.

My father then proceeded to inform Honoria, that as it was impossible for him to appear before Olivia in the robes of his order, he had projected the following scheme in which she was to become an accessory: That he would procure the habillaments of a cavalier, and in that dress introduce himself to the notice of Olivia, as the bosom friend of the Conde, whom he would inform her was unfortunately murdered on his route to Madrid: that by thus becoming a supposed partner in her griefs, he should thereby, in all pro-

bability, operate on her affections, and in the end, by the consummation of a spurious marriage, accomplish his darling purpose.

A powerful sentiment of indignation pervaded the bosom of Mabel Donavan as she concluded the foregoing sentence ; “ And was this the father of Moor O’Mara ? ” demanded she internally, “ wherefore was this tale recorded, and “ why was it presented unto me ? Good “ Jesu preserve me ! perhaps in the person “ of the victim Olivia, I shall recognize the mother of the man I have revered ; it must be so, or never could “ Moor O’Mara have committed to posterity an act (I shame to own it) that “ slurs the name of manhood.”

The night being far spent, Mabel, immersed in thought, laid aside the scroll,

and after impressing the kiss of fondest affection on the lips of her infant, sought on her rug a transitory forgetfulness of all sublunary contemplations.

CHAP. III.

WHAT wily arts will dire revenge pursue:
To wreak its malice where its hate is fixed:
Deadly and immutable.——

No barrier is too strong to check its course,
No cunning though oppos'd can undermine,
The subtilty of him who broods on hate,
And singles out his victim for destruction.

He falls the victim of his foul desires
And on the bed of lust, in pangs expires.

AT the return of twilight Mabel resumed the thread of the narrative which was as follows.

TERMINATION
OF THE
LIFE OF PATRICK O'MARA.

The feelings of Honoria Guiscardo had nearly betrayed her secret, on learning the subtle scheme, which was to be put into practice, and after a few seconds, she ventured to express a doubt, lest the Condè perhaps might arrive, and by presenting himself before Olivia, unfold at once the projected plot, and the specious tale by which she had been imposed upon.

Patrick O'Mara smiled for a moment at this remark, when suddenly assuming the air of thoughtfulness, he informed Honoria that in affairs of such a nature there must ever be some risk, and that he was resolved to defy every petty opposition, after which he concluded by informing

Honorio, that on the ensuing evening he should present himself to Olivia, and that she was shortly after to repair to the mansion of that lady, and on his retiring, speak in the highest terms of the family of Placenza, as a descendant, of which house it was his intention to introduce himself to the notice of Olivia Andrillo.

Tutor'd in this plan of operation, Honorio returning to her son and developed to him the scheme of my parent, which he deprecated equally with herself, although he was less actuated by passion than his mother on the occasion.

At the appointed hour Patrick O'Mara repaired to the dwelling of Olivia's mother, where having introduced himself as the bosom friend of the Condè, and a descendant of the Placenza race, he then proceeded to deliver his preconcerted tale, which he managed with such consummate

skill as wholly to mislead Olivia and her mother, who conceived the Condè lost to them for ever, while they cherished the messenger of grief, on account of his pretended friendship for the departed Algarozzi, and the excess of his apparent sorrow on the melancholy occasion. Honoria according to the command of my father attended to forward his intentions by expatiating largely on the remote ancestry, warlike achievements, and acknowledged virtues which had ever characterized the Placenza race, it was, however, with difficulty, she was persuaded by her son Diego to play this part, who nevertheless appeared as anxious as my father, that all his orders should be acquiesced with and performed with the greatest punctuality.

Patrick O'Mara flushed with the success of his scheme, and feeling his desires kindled by the opportunity he had

had of contemplating the features and person of Donna Olivia unrestrained, quitted at length the mansion of her parent, being soon after followed by Honoria, whose mind was actuated by far different sentiments, while the unfortunate Olivia, yielding to excess of anguish experienced in vain, the consolations of her fond mother, which were unremittingly exerted to divert her determined melancholy.

Some days thus elapsed, during which epoch Patrick O'Mara in his disguise regularly attended at the dwelling of Olivia's mother, though to his infinite chagrin, he found little diminution in the excess of her grief, and that instead of augmenting in his presence that favourable opinion which he had conceived, she felt towards him as the friend of the Condè, it was obvious that her conduct had become more distant, and that her recep-

tion of him was even cold, and sometimes repulsive.

As Olivia one night oppressed with mental pain, reclined sleepless on her couch; a faint sound of harmony seemed to reverberate on her ear, startled at the noise, she raised herself upon the bed, when the melody became imperceptibly more distinct, and in a few moments a voice in tenderest accents accompanied the instrument pronouncing the following verse, with the most pointed emphasis.

Lovely maid those tears restrain,
By the flatt'rer hope amused be:
Love shall yet assuage thy pain
'Proving hope hath not abus'd thee.

Struck with the words which seemed as if directed to herself. Olivia darted to the lattice, in sufficient time to

catch a glimpse of a female figure, hastily retiring, and being enfolded in an ample cloak of sable dye. She continued for some minutes rivetted to the casement, but no object re-appearing, she was on the point of proceeding to her couch, when the sound of a footstep in her chamber suddenly caught her attention, and chilled her soul with terror, upon which, unable to give vent to the exclamation of fear, she sunk almost lifeless in the arms of the intruder, who had caused her alarm, and who sprang forward to support her in this moment of trial.

Upon the first symptom of her recovery the stranger in the most reviving accents, requested that she would banish all apprehension, for that in the person then before her she beheld a being devoted to serve her, and in whose power alone it lay to rescue her from impending destruction. The manner in which this address was

pronounced, and the respectful distance to which the stranger retired; (the moment Olivia had sufficiently recovered herself,) gave her a degree of fortitude, and she raised her eyes to behold the physiognomy and person of the mysterious visitor, but in this enquiry she was frustrated as the unknown wore a mask, and seemed to conceal with care his whole person from the eye of observation.

After a pause of some minutes the figure thus addressed Olivia.

“ Swear to me Donna Olivia that you
“ will be governed by the line of conduct,
“ I shall prescribe so long as my measures
“ are not characterized by any action, at
“ which your virtue revolts, this you must
“ perform or lose the intervention of the
“ only being who can, and will preserve
“ you.”

There was something inexpressibly awful in the manner of the stranger, at which Olivia felt appall'd, the tenor of his address, implied some impending danger that awaited her, of which she was wholly unacquainted, but that particular part of the injunction, which was only to bind her to acquiesce with the measures of the stranger, so long as his commands were of an honourable nature, prompted her to assume a degree of firmness as in case the allusion made by the unknown was true, she might by noncompliance with his desire, fall a victim to the machinations which threatened her. Impressed therefore with these considerations, she replied with fortitude; "I do solemnly swear to act thy will, so long as it shall not deviate from the path of virtue, honour, and truth."

"First then I demand secrecy on thy part, even from thy mother," resumed

the stranger, "until the period arrives
"when thou mayst confide the truth to
"all the world."

"Is not the keeping a secret from my
"parent, a sin?" demanded Olivia with
earnestness.

"Not if the act be honourable, and
"that the period of secrecy be of short du-
"ration: I tell thee Olivia ere the lapse
"of a month thy mother shall know all."

"I swear to be secret as the grave,"
immediately resumed the wonder-struck
maid.

"Know then that the Conde Leo-
"nardo D'Algarozzi lives, but that on
"the fulfilment of thy vow of silence,
"hangs his life."

"Lives, Leonardo lives?" demanded
Olivia, in half stifled accents.

“He shall yet be thine,” resumed the unknown, “if thou art governed by my
“councils.”

“Most implicitly,” exclaimed the maid.
“But speak I conjure thee,” mysterious
“visitor, what am I to think of Placenza’s
“tale, the friend of my supposed departed
“Leonardo?”

“Seem to believe him so still, for to
“betray a doubt on that head seals his
“destruction.” The unknown then
turning from Olivia, uttered the word
“*farewell*,” and with the quickness of
lightning disappeared from her sight.

Patrick O’Mara attended as usual on Olivia, but without being able to effect any change whatever in her sentiments towards him of a favourable nature, and as the visit of the unknown had now awakened the most pleasing hopes in her

mind, it must have been with the greatest difficulty she could refrain from expressing her disgust at my father, whom she must have regarded in the light of an impostor, as it appears she gave implicit credence to the words of the mysterious visitor, who in the space of a week appeared before her three times at the hour of midnight, on which occasions he renewed asseverations of counteracting the machinations which were planning against her and gave fresh assurances that the Conde Leonardo should shortly present himself before her.

Patrick O'Mara exasperated at the reception he experienced, determined no longer to wear the mask but have recourse to those measures which must ensure him at any rate by force the possession of Olivia Andrillo; having determined upon this plan he kept his measures secret from Honoria Guiscardo, and resolved that the

charge of heresy should be preferred against Olivia and her parent, by which means he should secure them beyond the power of recall in the prisons of the inquisition, where in case of the continued obduracy of the maid, he would be enabled to pursue such steps as he might deem expedient for the fulfilment of his sensual gratifications.

Whatsoever may have been the errors of my parent on the score of ungoverned passion, he was most assuredly justifiable in this last intended measure of imprisoning the family of Andrillo, whose members were in many points adverse to the true tenets of the catholic persuasion.

With respect to the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi, no sooner had Patrick O'Mara learned the name and destination of his rival, than officials were dispatched to await his return to Madrid; and on the

evening when shortly after his courier, he gained the environs of the city under the full assurance of speedily meeting Olivia to be no more separated from her, he was arrested by the servants of the holy office (against whose warrant there is no appeal) and was forthwith conducted with privacy to a dungeon of that religious edifice, there to await the charge of heresy which was to be preferred against him.

In this situation continued the rival of my father for several days, lamenting his own fate and dreading the effects which the anxiety of Olivia might produce when he was one night at an unusual hour disturbed by the entrance of a person connected with the inquisition, whose figure and physiognomy he was unable to discern, from the amplitude of his garments, and the depth of the cowl which shaded his countenance.

The stranger, after questioning the Conde for a time as to his religious tenets, gave a turn to the conversation, by demanding his name, and the cause of his incarceration ; to which Algarozzi replied by informing the enquirer who he was, and his total ignorance as to the charges which were brought against him ; and upon further questionings on the part of the stranger, who appeared to feel an interest in the cause of the sufferer, the Conde further informed the unknown that his hopes of happiness were for ever blasted by the cruel steps which had been taken against him, and that in all probability the future peace of an unoffending female would be forfeited on account of the state of incertitude which was attendant on his sudden disappearance, at a time when she had been most assured of his meeting her in order to seal, by the most sacred vow, that bond of love, which he had so unceasingly pledged himself to ratify in the

face of heaven. In vain did the Conde strive to acquire some insight into the real character of his guest and his intentions towards him, a veil of mystery seemed to enfold his every word and action, and in this state of incertitude remained the Conde Leonardo fraught with the most dreadful ideas as to the fate which might shortly await him.

At the hour of midnight, on the close of the third week from the first intrusion of the unknown on the solitude of Olivia, appeared before her the mysterious visitant whose disguised person was become in some degree familiar to her. After informing her that three days would accomplish the great work, in which he had embarked, he demanded of Olivia a complete suit of her attire, and then enjoined her to make every circumstance known to her mother which had hitherto transpired, concluding with this strict injunction, that

herself and parent must be in readiness on the eve of the third day from that period, to quit for ever the walls of Madrid; in default of which herself, her parent, her lover, and even himself, who had befriended them, must become the certain sacrifices of a superior and relentless power.

Upon the further questionings of Olivia, she was assured by the unknown that her beloved Conde would be the companion of her flight, but that on her sacred fulfilment of his order depended the safety, happiness, and lives of all. Having received the solemn assurances of Olivia that she would obey the mandate with her mother, whose only joy concentrated in the happiness of herself; the stranger departed, bearing with him the vestments which he had previously desired at the hands of Olivia Andrillo.

As the appointed evening arrived the most dreadful suspense took possession of the fair Olivia and her doubtful mother, who although relying on the good sense of her offspring, conceived nevertheless that there appeared too much of mystery connected with the whole transaction to render it a matter of certainty, and when the uncommon fascinations of her daughter flashed upon her recollection, she shuddered lest some infernal scheme might not have been practised to deprive the Conde of life, and that its diabolical author was now on the point of accomplishing his villainy, by depriving Olivia of her honour.

Immersed in thought, the first veil of twilight had spread its grey tinge o'er the azure cheek of evening, when suddenly a sound was heard at the portal of the mansion, Olivia would fain have flown thither to satisfy her eager anxiety, but her mo-

ther prevented the rash step, by giving admission to the two individuals, whom she recognized with horror to be servants of the holy office, the shrieks of the mother immediately summoned the affrighted Olivia, whose feelings can scarcely be expressed, when in one of the personages, who had thrown aside the garments of the holy office, she beheld the figure of the Conde Leonardo, who supporting the mother with one arm, clasped to his bosom, with the other his almost fainting Olivia.

After a few minutes, being in some measure recovered, the fair Donna Andrillo turned to gaze upon the companion of her lover, in whom she immediately recognized the figure of her unknown midnight visitor though the same caution as to the concealment of his countenance on former occasions was observable in the present instance.

In vain would Olivia have poured forth the gratitude of her soul, she was prevented by the commands of the stranger, who addressing himself to the Conde, warned him to be gone on the instant, and await his coming at the appointed spot, after which injunction, quitting the mansion, he was almost instantaneously out of sight.

As the necessary precautions had been previously taken, and every thing arranged for this sudden flight, the Conde with Olivia, and her mother, speedily quitted the dwelling, followed by two attendants, whom they had selected, and traversing the streets of Madrid which were the least frequented, they passed the suburbs and entered a small hovel about half a mile from the city, in order to await the arrival of their deliverer, that having been the spot he had appointed, and whither

mules were already conducted for their conveyance.

Olivia's first enquiry of the Conde, was the name of the individual who appeared to have rendered them such signal service when to her astonishment she was given to understand, that Leonardo was himself a total stranger to his name and person, having only beheld in him one of the officers of the inquisition, from whose dreaded walls his own delivery had been effected, through his generous intervention.

Diego Guiscardo who had been freed from the inquisition by my father, Patrick O'Mara through the petition of his mother, Honoria who was in return to act according to the dictates of Patrick, had kept a watchful eye upon his proceedings, and having during his incarceration, suffered the torture in the extremest

degree, by my father's order he could not bury in oblivion the rancorous hatred and vengeance which fired his youthful breast and ~~actu~~ated by such feelings, he formed, the plan unknown to his mother of effecting if possible the total overthrow of Patrick O'Mara's schemes, in order to which he pursued the following measures.

No sooner had Honoria communicated to her son the disappearance of the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi, than he felt a conviction that my father had caused his arrestation, upon which he repaired to the Monastery of Saint Dominick, and having demanded an audience of Patrick O'Mara, he in the first instance poured forth the most apparent effusions of gratitude, for the delivery which had been effected, concluding with the most solemn assurances that his tenets ever had been and would to his last moments, continue firm to the catholic faith; Diego then proceeded to

acquaint Patrick O'Mara that his mother Honoria, had in some measure confided to his keeping the wishes of my father, with respect to Olivia Andrillo, and that he therefore was desirous of ratifying his assurances of gratitude, by taking an active part which might be deemed conducive to the completion of Patrick O'Mara's schemes. Diego then cautiously hinted that the person of the Conde Leonardo was not unknown to him, for that he bore him and his family the most implacable hatred from a feud which had long subsisted between their respective houses, and that in any act against that rival of Patrick O'Mara, he would consequently enlist with the most determined hatred, would my father but accept of his proffered endeavours.

The well¹ counterfeited rancour that seemed to boil in the breast of Diego, totally divested my father of his wonted

circumspection, and eagerly grasping at the proposition of the youth Patrick O'Mara, he forthwith acquainted him that he had caused the Conde's arrestation, who was then a prisoner in the dungeons of the inquisition.

Anxious that Leonardo should have such a keeper placed over him as the counterfeited enmity of Diego, gave token of his proving Patrick O'Mara, proposed to the artful youth that he should become one of the sworn officers of the holy institution of Saint Dominick, and that his enlisting of the order, having been so lately one of its victims, would prove to the other inquisitors the justice of Patrick O'Mara's conduct in having been instrumental to his release, although he had during his confinement been so pointedly inimical to him.

Diego joyfully embraced the proposition

intimating to my father that he would take especial care there should be little occasion for the torture, as he would speedily rid my father of the rival he so much detested. The requisite steps were in consequence taken, and Diego Guiscardo, unknown to Honoria, his mother, became shortly an active member of the holy tribunal, for such is the secrecy observed, that the officers of the inquisition pursue their avocations unknown even to their most intimate connections.

Being thus initiated a member of the community, Diego instead of exerting cruelty towards the Conde, rendered his imprisonment as little irksome as possible, and as the keeping of Leonardo was wholly vested in Diego, no other official had any knowledge of the state of the prisoner, which the youth represented to Patrick O'Mara as being dreadful beyond conception, intimating that the scene

glutted his vengeance, and in some degree satiated the rooted hatred he bore his family.

Wholly blinded by the arts of Diego, my father implicitly relied upon his proceedings, and shortly after intimated to him his excessive chagrin at the obvious coolness which characterized Olivia's reception of him on presenting himself before her ; Diego for a time repelled the storm, which he observed was gathering around the family of Olivia Andrillo, till the feelings of Patrick O'Mara could no longer brook the contumely he experienced, and he then intimated to Diego his intention of issuing an arrest against Olivia and her mother, by which means he should have the object of his wishes completely in his power.

Diego fully aware that should this proceeding take effect the plans which he

proposed would be totally frustrated, and the ruin of Olivia accomplished, procured, in the first place, a female to attend at midnight under the lattice of Olivia's chamber, who was there to accompany the lute with her voice, delivering the stanza which has been previously given, and with respect to Diego's admission into Olivia's apartment he had effected that at an early hour in the evening, by presenting a mandate bearing the seal of the holy office to one of the domestics of the household, who enhorrored at the sight, obeyed the commands of Diego without uttering a syllable lest the vengeance of the tribunal should fall upon him for non-obdience to its commands, to this attendant Diego enjoined the most solemn secrecy, notifying when his intention was to renew his visit, and by which means his frequent intrusions upon Olivia were effected.

Finding that Patrick O'Mara was resolved upon putting his threatened plan into effect, it became necessary for Diego to pursue the most active measures possible, to accomplish which he adopted the following line of conduct. He artfully requested my father to abstain for a few evenings from renewing his visit to Olivia Andrillo, stating that he would pledge his salvation on the accomplishment of all Patrick O'Mara might desire, if the management of the affair were but committed to his charge. My father for a while hesitated, desirous of ascertaining the means by which Diego would perform his promise, to which the artful youth only replied by fresh asseverations of his absolute certainty of succeeding, and the more to put Patrick O'Mara off his guard and evince at any rate his intention of coinciding with his wishes, he requested at the same time an order for the arrestation of the persons of Olivia and her

mother, which he sacredly promised to put into effect should his other schemes prove abortive.

The perseverance of Diego produced the effect he desired, and having received the mandate for the seizure of Olivia and her mother, he quitted Patrick O'Mara to effect his deep laid scheme for the deception of my father.

On the ensuing morning Diego attended Patrick O'Mara, and to convince him that his exertions were crowned with some degree of success, he desired him to attend in an obscure walk not far from the city, where he should be an eye witness of his meeting Olivia and continuance with her for some time, Diego however particularly cautioning my father not to approach too near, and above all to keep himself concealed from the Donna's observation.

This extraordinary proof of Diego's promptitude and address drew forth the most unbounded praises and promises of recompence from my father, who according to the appointment of the youth was punctual in his attendance, and absolutely beheld the form of Olivia before him, who seemed to enter into the most strenuous conversation with Diego. This interview continued for some time, after which the lady enveloping herself in her ample veil quitted the youth, who shortly after joined Patrick O'Mara, and informed him that his plan was nearly ripe for execution, and that my father might rely on the full accomplishment of his every wish.

According to Diego's promise the lapse of two days had only occurred, when the youth attended on Patrick O'Mara and acquainted him that, that very night would put him in full possession of the beautiful Olivia; and on my father's requesting to

be made acquainted with the plan by which his desires were to be satiated, Diego explained as follows.—

That he had introduced himself to Donna Olivia as a person fully acquainted with the Conde, her late lover, and that he had assured her that all reports of his demise were fabricated, which part of his tale had been fully substantiated in the belief of Olivia from the discontinuance of Patrick O'Mara's visits as the friend of Leonardo at that precise juncture.

Diego on witnessing the anxiety depicted on my father's countenance upon hearing this intelligence which he conceived so far from forwarding his plans, must have completely frustrated them, requested Patrick O'Mara would attend to him patiently, when he thus continued.—

Having fully convinced Olivia that her

lover yet lived, I then informed her that he was a prisoner in the ~~in~~quisition under suspicion of heresy, and that I was one of the officers of that tribunal, but that feeling for the Conde's sufferings and her unfortunate love, I had determined on frequently procuring by night his emancipation from his dungeon in disguise, in order that they might pour forth their mutual passion, though by this step I endangered the forfeiture of my own life. Having arranged all these plans this night at a rendezvous appointed, where impenetrable darkness will veil you from her observation will Olivia receive you to her eager embrace as the Conde Leonardo, perhaps the non-performance of the ceremonies of the church may for a time render her maiden modesty averse to the fulfilment of your eager desires, but I have carefully placed inebriating cordials which in conjunction with her feverish love for the Conde, will in the end yield

her up a victim to your warm and rapturous embraces.

Flushed with the description, Patrick O'Mara demanded Diego to name his recompense, which the youth immediately acquiesced with by presenting a paper purporting to be my father's nomination of Diego as head official of the tribunal at Madrid, but which artfully concealed beneath an order for the liberation of the Conde Leonardo D'Algarozzi with the seal of office annexed, and whereto Patrick O'Mara incautiously affixed his name by the paper whereon the youth's nomination was engrossed, being elevated above the blank part of the scrawl which was to give freedom to the Conde.

At the hour appointed, obscured in darkness Patrick O'Mara led by Diego repaired to the place of meeting which was wholly retired from any other dwelling

and in every respect calculated for the intended scene. Having gained the pavillion, my father entered the portal which was forthwith closed by Diego who having secured the key flew with the rapidity of lightning to the prison of the holy office, where on presenting Patrick O'Mara's order he forthwith procured the emancipation of the Conde, whom he escorted in the habit of an official the better to elude pursuit in case of alarm, which might soon after take place, and having left him with the astonished family of Andrillo after nominating the hovel whither he should repair, Diego then hastened to his parent, Honoria, whom he forthwith ordered to proceed to the same place, having previously given her a complete insight into his scheme. This accomplished, Diego returned to the pavillion bearing a burning lamp concealed within a case made for that purpose, where having continued till the hour o

midnight the period agreed upon he unlocked the portal of the chamber and securing it withinside, notwithstanding the repeated orders of Patrick O'Mara forbidding this intrusion, he then rushed towards the couch, and suddenly producing the blazing light, displayed to my father's astonished eyes the female whose embraces he had enjoyed, which instead of being Olivia proved no other than a courtesan employed and liberally feed by the artful Diego. On beholding this sight rage boiled in my father's breast, and he arose to annihilate if possible the traitor youth who had so worked upon his passions, but Diego fully aware of this step and well knowing that Patrick O'Mara was bereft of all weapon of defence, drew from beneath his robe an unsheathed rapier which he presented to my father's breast who sunk back upon the sofa which had witnessed the supposed completion of his desires on Olivia Andrillo.

Rozetta Avilla, the courtesan employed by Diego, had arisen from the couch fearful of the consequences that might ensue, when Diego demanded of her if she had presented Patrick O'Mará with the particular beverage placed for that purpose near her, to which she replied in the affirmative, when Diego addressed my father in nearly the following words.

“ The lapse of one hour shall rid
“ this world of thine abhorred being, for
“ know, Patrick O'Mara, poison now
“ rages in thy blood, the whole by me
“ accomplished. Thinkest thou I could
“ forget the cruel tortures which thy
“ savage mind inflicted on me? No !
“ I live for vengeance and retribution.
“ This object in whose embraces thou
“ hast been deluded, is the instru-
“ ment of my gold, procured to wear the
“ appearance of the chaste Olivia, while
“ she a spotless angel, hath thus escaped

“ thee and with her the object of thy
“ wrath and her true love the Conde
“ Leonardo.”

At the last words a groan of anguish escaped Patrick O'Maras' lips, while his features, from the sudden effect of the poison, became distorted by the most cruel pangs.

“ Yes,” continued Diego, taunting my father's suffering spirit, “ 'twas thou
“ thyself didst sign his emancipation from
“ torture and the flames of thy tribunal.
“ I have succeeded and thou hast fallen
“ the slave of thy unlicensed passions, the
“ victim of that deceit which thou
“ hast so frequently practiced towards
“ others.”

Rozetta Avilla wholly unconscieus that in presenting the beverage appointed by Diego, she had proffered the cup of death, felt enhorrored at the idea, and proceeded

to administer to my dying father such comfort as she could afford, having been told by Diego, during the progress of the plan, that the person whom he should introduce to her acquaintance was a near relative, against whom he was anxious to raise the laugh on some future occasion, and that the liquor placed for her to present was merely an opiate, and that when the drug began to operate, which would be about midnight, that then he would enter the chamber, and by discovering his relative in that situation render him at all times an object of ridicule, as he ever had been an advocate for priestly celibacy and an opposer of carnal pleasures; completely deceived by this specious story, Rozetta little conjectured the tragical scene it was intended she should witness, as Diego never informed her that he was to accompany Patrick O'Mara to the pavillion, but that a valet of his had betrayed the secret, and in consequence

the plan had been arranged of introducing her in darkness under the impression, that she was another female, for whom she was to pass herself, having received her lesson to that effect.

Ere the hour of one my father yielded up his breath a martyr to the most dreadful tortures when Rozetta Avilla would have fled on the instant, but was prevented by Diego who thus addressed her.

“ In the object whose embraces thou has suffered, behold the person of the inquisitor Patrick O’Mara the Monk of Dominick, to endeavour to effect an escape, without my assistance is utterly impossible, as thy life must be consigned to the next Auto de Fee if wrought upon by any foolish hatred against me for the deceit I have practised, thou spurnest my counsel. Thou hast not been forgotten, for in making thee an instrument of just vengeance,

I have been alike careful of thy safety as my own."

Urged by the fears of an horrid death, Rozetta agreed to accompany Diego in his flight, who having previously secured a grave for the corpse of my father, bore it on his shoulders into an adjoining garden where covering it with earth to the level of the soil, he spread over it the plots of grass which had been prepared for the purpose, and retiring from the scene of action accompanied by Rozetta he gained in safety the expectant Olivia, her mother and the Conde Leonardo, and Honoria, who by the desire of her son Diego had previously made the party acquainted with the whole proceedings of her son in whom they beheld their guardian and preserver.

Having followed the route planned by Diego, they gained in safety the frontiers of Italy, where the friends of the Conde

greeted them with joy and witnessed the nuptials of Olivia, and Leonardo D'Algarozzi, while through the machinations of Diego Andrillo, a report was spread at Madrid, that the form of Patrick O'Mara, had been wafted to heaven by the intervention of his patron Saint Dominick at the throne of grace. The non-appearance of my father, and his body being never discovered, tended to validate the tale, and the Miracle became believed by every Spanish votary of the Holy Table of Office, but more particularly by his patron and tutor Sebastiano the monk, who shortly after at the age of seventy-four rendered up his spirit after a life devoted to the forwarding every principle connected with the catholic faith and consequently universal salvation.

Thus untimely was closed the sublunary career of Patrick O'Mara, who fell a sacrifice to his unbridled desires and the

neglect which he had evinced for his sacred calling as a functionary of the fraternity of Saint Dominick by thirsting after the enjoyment of carnal gratifications in defiance of the oath of celibacy, whereby he had sacredly become wedded to religion alone.

The conduct adopted by the Conde Leonardo and his bride Olivia towards Rozetta Avilla led her to cherish for them the most tender attachment, and from the hasty written and unconnected documents left by Avilla have I alone been able to trace the foregoing accounts of Patrick O'Mara, which seemed to have been committed to paper after the most disgusting impressions as to my father had been implanted in her mind by those, who had then become the protectors of her forlorn and destitute situation.

“ Dreadful fate,” exclaimed Mabel Do-

navan dropping the hand which grasped the manuscript, "in the person then of Rozetta Avilla, I shall recognize the mother of Moor," continued she pensively, "what a succession of events characterized the life of Patrick O'Mara, that he was a most staunch religionist is obvious, and that he was wreckless of his own safety in forwarding the faith has been most fully evinced, how strange then that after so many years of turbulence he should in the end forget the tenets he revered, and fall a sacrifice to headstrong and unruly desires." Mabel paused for a moment and then with a sigh exclaimed, "We are born the children of sin, and our lot is mortality, 'Peace therefore to the manes of the grand-sire of my babe.'"

CHAP. IV.

His breeding suited well his ancestry ;
For in his churlish breast were planted seeds,
Which nurtur'd into manhood brought forth fruits
Of bitterness and vengeance.

His locks of sable dye a front obscur'd,
Where lurk'd suspicion and the fiend revenge ;
His sunken eye and squallid visage bore
The stamp external of a warring soul,
'Gainst heav'n born peace and universal love.
He stood like Satan on the fiery flood,
And ratified his blasphemy in blood.

W. I.

ON Mabel's perusal of the continuation of Moor O'Mara's manuscript, the narrative of the events that succeeded, ran as follow.

ACCOUNT OF THE YOUTH
OF
MOOR O'MARA.

As the long pent up flame when suffered to rage, burns with more unbridled fury, even so the passions of my father, having never before been suffered to indulge in the field of carnal delight, were productive of the most powerful effects, added to which the supposed object of his newly felt passion, being the incentive, it is little to be wondered at, that Rozetta Avilla should have proved pregnant, and that in her I have to own the author of my being.

As Rozetta became well acquainted with the ancestry of my father, from research, which was made at her desire, by

the Conde ; a certain superstitious idea took possession of her mind, as the period of my birth drew near, and she determined, notwithstanding the unremitting attentions of Olivia and the Conde, that Ireland should witness my first inhaling the breath of life, and for that purpose having received from her patrons every requisite of which she stood in need, and an ample supply of money ; Rozetta Avilla bade adieu to her friends, and the shores of Italy ; from whence she set sail for the coast of Hibernia, and after a prosperous voyage landed in safety at the mouth of the Kenmare River.

After the expiration of the wonted term, my mother gave me birth at the period, when the rebellion of James earl of Desmond in favour of our religion, and in opposition to Elizabeth was raging with the greatest fury, but by the attainment of my second year, the projects of that

every respect calculated to forward his desires, as the cabinet of Elizabeth was too much occupied in raising a force to repel that threatening overthrow of their sovereign's power, than to pay much attention to any proceedings of a trifling nature. That same year, however, witnessed the defeat of that mighty armament, when my guardian, alive to the dictates of self preservation, fled the neighbourhood of Castlebar, with precipitancy, in order to escape the emissaries of Elizabeth, making me alone the partner of his fortunes, on that occasion.

From the period of our flight, a succession of events took place, which habituated my mind to daring exploits in the cause of heaven, while my instructor would unceasingly place before my youthful fancy, the fearless conduct of my direct ancestors, which tended to excite in my soul, the laudable spirit of emula-

tion that has, I fully trust, been the characteristic feature of my life to the present æra.

At the age of thirteen I received from the hands of Tully Mara O'Rourke the manuscript documents left me by my mother, being then in the north of England under his guardianship, where he kept up a constant correspondence with the catholics in Ireland as well as with the friends of the faith on the continent.

Being at length summoned to London on affairs of importance, O'Rourke assuming the best disguise possible, repaired thither, myself being the companion of his journey, where shortly after having received orders from abroad, he entered into the plot of Roderick Lopez, a Portuguese, who passed for a professor of physick, and concerted with him the plan of administering poison to Elizabeth,

which scheme was most unfortunately discovered, when Lopez was arrested while Tully O'Rourke effected his escape having first administered to me the sacrament and sworn me to secrecy, as he found it impossible to render me the partner of his flight, without endangering a discovery, having also put me in possession of the means of acquiring money from agents of the catholics beyond seas, who were willing to contribute to support any determined spirits in the cause of papacy: he then laid down the plan of my future operations, and after taking an affectionate farewell, left me in the fervent hope that happier times might again bring us together, I being then in my seventeenth year; but our meeting is to take place in a better world, for ere the lapse of two years, he having taken refuge and concealment in the mansion of a trusty catholic gentleman of Durham, under the assumed name of Thomas Pallefray,

was there discovered, and soon after executed and quartered in company with the worthy gentleman who had so relieved him, and who was for his charity condemned as an accessory in the plots of Tully Mara O'Rourke, my guardian, relative, and friend. This fatal intelligence was communicated to me by means of the jesuits in England, with whom I had become connected, according to the plans laid down by my murdered tutor previous to his departure from the pursuit of pretended justice, to which he was deemed amenable as the accessory concerned with Roderick Lopez in endeavouring to administer poison to the heretic Elizabeth.

At this period were the proceedings of Tyrone in Ireland carried on with indefatigable zeal, who in conjunction with the Spaniards made desperate head for a time against the forces of Elizabeth, until

the fatal juncture when Tyrone experienced a reverse of fortune, upon which occasion thy father, Mabel Donavan found means to escape with thee into England from the persecutions so inhumanly followed up against the adherents of the catholic belief by the blood hounds of England's queen. Here, as thou knowest, Mabel, thy parent found in me a protector during the short epoch he survived his landing on this hateful soil, and thou in return after a period yielded thyself up to me, the sharer of my fortunes and the partner of my bed. The residue of my proceedings need no further comment, for thou hast become the depository of all my measures. Only that part cannot I divulge even to thee which bears any reference to my association with the contrivers of the late glorious plot, being by the sacrament bounden to an eternal silence, notwithstanding the unfortunate overthrow of our schemes and the mar-

tyrdom of my now beatified friends and associates.

Thus terminated, Mabel, the history of my progenitors and the ancestry of Moor O'Mara. I have trodden in the paths of my forefathers, and my days have been one scene of active endeavours for the benefit of the holy persuasion. I do not shrink from the task but will pursue my course with unabating vigour, nor shall a measure escape me however fraught with peril in the attempt. Teach our child to proceed in the paths of his ancestors, while I rush forward into new scenes of danger, and should we never meet again on this side of the grave, may I in the world to come experience the full assurance that thy latest dependance hath been on the catholic faith, by once more joining thee in the everlasting regions of heavenly delight, where thou shalt with me and mine enjoy the recompense of our

labours here in the divine presence of the immaculate virgin, the host of saints, and

“ *Jesus Hominum Salvator.*”

Mabel Donavan folding the papers gave scope to those reflections which the late perusal of O'Mara's manuscript had given birth to; in many instances she was led to shudder at the conduct of Patrick O'Mara, yet a full assurance being impressed on her mind that his premature and horrid death was the just visitation of heaven for his direliction from duty, led her to regard his final doom as the remittance of all punishment in a future state, and impressed with such sentiments she waved those scruples which feeling gave birth to, and swayed by these ideas remembered only the firm tenets of O'Mara's father, which excited in her breast sentiments of pity for his premature loss, and poignant regret that the frailty of human nature

should in a moment subvert the most laudable purposes and place the representative of the creator in a light at which human reason must revolt.

CHAP. V.

And can this be? Do I behold the friend
Of him my bosom boasted for its Lord;
Is such the sharer of his warlike toils,
Depository of his inmost thoughts,
The sworn protector of his widow'd mate;
When on the field of death was ratified
The sacred vow of everlasting truth.—
O! shame are such proud man thy boasted ties?

He made excuse, and with an oily tongue,
So plausible he told his well wrought tale;
That e'en suspicion's self had own'd the charm,
And yielded to his cunning.

W. I.

FROM the period of Moor O'Mara's departure from Mabel to join the rebel

Tyrone in Ireland she spent her time solely in the superintendence of her child Reginald, who very early display'd an acuteness of intellect, which was however characterized by passions, the most extraordinary in the breast of one so green in years.

In order to frame the mind of her offspring, for the tenets of the faith she professed; Donavan constantly presented the crucifix to her child, while she descanted on the doctrines of catholicism, in language suited to the infantile perception of Reginald and in this line of conduct did she continue to persevere, until he had attained his seventh year, during which lapse of time, no tidings of Moor O'Mara had arrived to give consolation to the soul of Mabel, who received the necessary means of support, by application, to those individuals who were in

possession of gold for the furtherance of all plans against heresy.

One evening as Donavan was busied in giving instruction to her son, she was aroused by hearing a knock at the door of her chamber; so unexpected a summons (as she held converse with no individual) excited the surprise, and she immediately repaired to the portal to demand the cause of the intrusion. Having opened the door a person presented himself to her eyes, who after making a slight obeisance thus addressed Donavan in tones which at once betrayed him a native of Ireland.

“Thou art if I judge aright Mabel Scroope?”

“Such is my name,” returned Donavan, “cautiously.”

“Then have I converse for thine ear
“which needs thy privacy,” resumed the
stranger, who observing a degree of
trepidation in the conduct of Mabel
quickly caught her hand and in a whisper
continued.”

“Be not alarmed thou partner of our
“holy cause, I come from Moor O’Mara.”

At the well known sound of that con-
spirator’s name, Donavan instantly mo-
tioned the stranger to enter her chamber,
when having secured the door, she seated
herself near her visitor awaiting in
breathless anxiety the disclosure of such
information as he was in possession of.

“From those friends who are com-
“missioned to supply the necessities of
“such as enlist themselves the champions
“of our faith did I acquire the know-
“ledge of thy secluded residence,” said.

the stranger, addressing Mabel; “ now
“ listen to the tidings which I bear with
“ religious fortitude, nor suffer the excess
“ of passion to drown that balmy comfort
“ which it affords to the bosom of sorrow
“ and mourning.”

“ I know the purport of thy mission,”
replied Mabel, with calm fortitude, “ thou
“ art the harbinger of death, my O’Mara
“ sleeps in the bosom of peace.”

“ He died like a true christian soldier,
“ in the field of honour, maintaining
“ bravely the faith of the cross, after
“ having by his counsels given redoubled
“ vigour to the proceedings of the im-
“ maculate Tyrone.”

After a few moment’s pause during
which an involuntary tear rolled down the
cheek of Donavan, she thus made
answer.

“ The will of heaven be done, I bend
“ to its decrees with unshaken con-
“ stancy ; for though my O’Mara is no
“ more, yet shall he revive in the person of
“ his Reginald ; stranger, behold the son
“ of Moor,” exclaimed Mabel, raising her
child, who had been attentively listening to
the words of his mother, and presenting
him to her guest, who received with a
look of pleasure the offspring of his
departed friend. At the desire of Dona-
van, Felix O’Brien, who was the person
that had thus introduced himself to her
presence gave Mabel the following narrative
respecting the deceased Moor O’Mara.

“ No sooner had thy husband joined in
safety the forces of Tyrone, who was well
aware of the plotting genius of O’Mara
and the magnitude of the conspiracy, in
which he had been an actor in London,
than he was forthwith nominated one of
the council, and received a post of infinite

consequence in the military establishment of our general. For a period our endeavours were attended with some degree of success though not sufficient to work the grand purposés for which we had enlisted ; in this situation stood our affairs when Moor O'Mara who had honoured me by his friendship and confidence, and at whose side I ever fought for the general cause, acquainted me that he should make a proposition to the council at their next meeting, which if attended to would infallibly secure our possession of Ireland, the purport of which was the effecting a general carnage of every Englishman then resident in our country. This motion was accordingly made and its expediency allowed, while it was agreed that Hibernia should immediately be subjected to the Papal See, and thus be placed under the guidance alone of heaven's vicegerent.

“ Such were the measures to be pursued,

and which were consequently notified to our allies on the continent, but a lapse of a considerable period intervened, and the great difficulty that was found in effecting so universal a scheme of just retribution, at the same moment gave our enemies time for the developement of our intention, when measures were resorted to on their parts to baffle our plans, which were consequently executed, but in a partial degree ; and a few thousands only felt the weight of our religious enthusiasm, which was bent on the general massacre of every heretic that disgraced our land.”

“ From that epoch a constant state of warfare was pursued in which we generally proved the victors, while Moor O’ Mara on all occasions displayed the most dauntless conduct ; in battle death awaited his sword ; in council wisdom characterized his speeches ; in faith no catholic proved himself more staunch, and in con-

signing to torture, death, or a lingering imprisonment any of those imps of heresy that fell into our hands ; no one was more strenuous and executed his commission with such determined zeal—that the decrees of fate must be obeyed, the magnanimous must be levelled with the undeserving, and such proved the case with the renowned O'Mara, who fell at my side the victim of death's unerring shaft, after he had given proofs of bravery almost supernatural in effecting the retreat of one of our parties, who had fallen into an ambuscade, purposely concealed to surprise it. I, as my usual custom was, fought by O'Mara's side, and witnessed his untimely fall, with his latest breath he blessed thee, Mabel Donavan, and called on heaven to protect his child, then committing to my charge the task of unfolding to thee his fate, he raised his hand and made the sign of the holy cross, the symbol of his faith, then sunk to earth and gave his departing

spirit to the guardians of the blessed in heaven.

“ The death of Moor O’Mara threw an instantaneous damp upon our troop who yielded for a time to the fresh attacks of the numerous enemies, and notwithstanding my utmost endeavours to rally them, they fled with precipitancy and in the utmost disorder. In this situation we made towards our encampment, which was some miles distant, when an express having gained Tyrone, that our party was cut off, and that Moor O’Mara’s life was in danger, he had in consequence ordered out a considerable troop at whose head he was advancing in person at the precise juncture when our renegade troop was in view of the camp.

“ I instantly made known to our chief the fate we had experienced, when boiling with vengeance he determined on surpris-

ing the victors and putting every man to the sword, eager for the moment of retribution, notwithstanding the fatigues I had endured, having mounted a fresh horse, I returned with Tyrone to the scene of carnage, where we found our enemies busied in consigning their dead to the grave, and ere they could find sufficient time for defence we darted on them with the rapidity of lightning, while vengeance rode upon our swords, death was the cry, and ere the lapse of one short hour no soul was left to tell the scene of bloody extermination.

“ After this signal proof of our hatred, immediate orders were given that the body of Moor O’Mara should be selected from the dead in order to receive the military honours of his catholic friends and soldiers on our return to the camp, but vain was the endeavour, for although every breathless corpse was subjected to

the inspection of Tyrone and myself, no where could the body be found, from whence it was inferred that our heretical enemies in the burial of their own fellows had mistaken the corpse of Moor O'Mara and consigned him to his mother earth with such of their party as they had interred previous to our unexpected return from the camp."

"Thus terminated the career of Moor O'Mara, after which I remained for the space of nine months an officer in the army of Tyrone, who finding it requisite to dispatch a confidential person to our friends in England, and knowing moreover the promises made by myself to the dying O'Mara, that I would communicate to thee his fate, I was the person chosen to execute our general's commission, and have now fulfilled the two-fold trust of acting in unison with the desires of my departed comrade and sworn friend, and

also communicating those measures here which may still tend to effect the mighty plans of universal catholicism by the downfal of heresy.”

Mabel with gratitude expressed her acknowledgements to Felix O'Brien, requesting that during his continuance in London he would consider her dwelling the same as his own, and having placed before him such viands and beverage as she had, he partook of the repast, during which Donavan frequently interrupted him to make enquiries respecting the most trivial occurrences which had marked the career of Moor O'Mara after his departure from her for his native land.

Felix O'Brien appeared verging on forty, being very tall of stature, and possessing a countenance of the darkest hue, and characterised by the most manly and prominent features, his eyes were large,

black and penetrating, while his manners were the most insinuating, and prepossessing, yet notwithstanding these external appearances, an expression of ferocity, and a subtle cunning frequently betray'd themselves, which would have prompted a shrewd observer to be wary in trusting his winning and specious manners, which had too often been practised with effect, to the ruin of many an innocent and hapless female, and so successful had he proved on all such occasions, that there was a self conviction in the mind of Felix, that no female could for a moment frown on his addresses, if he deigned to notice her with more than common regard; this vanity had from use become an inherent quality of his breast, which he scarcely deigned to mask as the refusal of his embraces was deemed a thing absolutely impossible.

Such was the guest of Mabel Donavan, who at dusk departed from her dwelling, under the promise of revisiting her, the ensuing evening.

The full conviction of O'Mara's demise threw a gloom o'er the soul of Mabel, which she in vain endeavoured to banish, by summoning her wonted fortitude, to her aid. England was become hateful to her, and she for the first time felt a strong desire to revisit the scenes of her infancy, and once more tread the shores of Hibernia, which had fostered her youthful days; in addition to which she experienced a powerful wish, to make the young Reginald acquainted with the country of his ancestors. All these circumstances rushing in succession on her brain, she then recollected that Felix O'Brien would shortly revisit the shores of Erin, and that under his escort she would be secure from danger protected

and escorted by her deceased, O'Mara's sworn friend and brother soldier.

On the ensuing evening Felix O'Brien attended at the residence of Mabel, who after some preliminary conversation, hinted in some measure at the intention she wished to put into effect, at which her guest expressed every mark of approbation, instantly proposing himself as her protector, affirming that his life should be freely offered up, to secure the safety of the widow, of his friend, for continued he.

“ The honour of an Irishman was never
“ yet called in question, and if the voice
“ of calumny should brand the name of
“ Felix O'Brien, with an act tainted by
“ dishonour, he would either exterminate
“ his traducers, or die in the vindication
“ of his injured name.”

For three successive evenings, Felix O'Brien attended on Mabel, the whole plan being arranged for her departure for Ireland, when the purport of his journey to England should be effected, and the necessary answers prepared, which were to instruct Tyrone in his future proceedings. On each succeeding visit the continuance of Felix O'Brien, was procrastinated to a later hour, a circumstance which had never before obtruded itself on her thought, although the manners of her guest, sometimes gave her a degree of alarm.

A week having thus elapsed, during which Felix had conducted himself with the most marked attention towards Mabel, he thus addressed her.

“ Know'st thou Donavan the most
“ ardent passion of the human breast, the
“ sensation conducive of most pleasure

“ at the same time productive of the
“ greatest mental pain !”

Whether Mabel understood this query or not, she did not think proper to resolve the enquiry according to the wish of Felix, but replied in these words.

“ Every violent passion if gratified, is
“ at the moment conceived a blessing by
“ the individual, who has cherished it,
“ although in the end that very gratifica-
“ tion may conduce to the misery of the
“ enjoyer ; for instance, revenge is fre-
“ quently cherished, and accomplished
“ at the expence of the future happiness,
“ life, nay and even the soul’s perdition
“ to all eternity.”

“ But is there no *particular passion* ?”
resumed Felix with peculiar emphasis,
“ which is productive of more violent ef-
“ fects than the rest.”

“They are all equally pernicious,” answered Donovan, “if suffered to range
“at liberty, unbridled by reason, and the
“dictates of common sense.”

“What thinkst thou of love?” demanded O’Brien.

“It is a passion I cannot define,” answered Mabel.

“Hast thou never been in love?” said Felix in return.

“I have indeed loved,” replied Mabel with the most pointed energy, “but
“the object of my affection is no more.”

“And because he is gone must you
“discard with him the passion also?”

“’Twas only he who kept the flame alive,
“with him it was at once extinguished.”

“Canst thou not love again?” continued Felix.

“Never,” was Donavan’s reply.

“Is it then a sin to cherish affection
“for another?”

“I do not say it is a sin,” answered Mabel, “but it is in my mind that easy
“complying species of passion that
“never can be productive of the real
“energies of love in the bosom that
“fosters it.”

“Suppose I loved thee Mabel,” resumed Felix O’Brien after a short pause, “what
“shouldst thou think of my passion?”

“I should regard it with infinite sorrow
“as it would never be requited.”

“ And wouldst thou refuse the offer of my heart ? ” demanded Felix with energy.

“ Yes O’Brien I should decline it, and “ and strive to soften thy grief, by the “ language of sincerest friendship.”

“ By heaven, thou couldst not refuse “ me.”

“ I should be concerned were I put to “ the trial,” answered Mabel with steady calmness.

“ Then by all the saints thou shalt be “ mine,” exclaimed Felix springing from his seat and clasping Donavan to his bosom.

Quite petrified at this unexpected procedure, Mabel continued for a few seconds incapable of acting in her own

defence, when suddenly the recollection of her situation, gave two-fold energy to those powers which she possessed, and after a violent struggle, she disengaged herself from the rude embrace of Felix O'Brien, while the fire of her penetrating eyes, darted looks of rage, and ineffable contempt on the being, who had thus unlicensed dared to infringe on the laws of hospitality, and cancel the sacred bond of faith, which had been plighted to Moor O'Mara, on the blood-stain'd field of carnage, and of death.

After a pause which from Donavan's glances and manner was more expressive, than language can paint. She thus bespoke *Felix O'Brien*, in whose soul a contrariety of the most dark and malignant passions, at that moment raged.

“ So this is the *honour* of the house of
“ Felix O'Brien, this the untainted soul of

“ an Irishman ; where is the spirit of
“ Moor O’Mara, that thou wast not
“ blasted for thy perjured faith ? wretch
“ dost thou imagine all women to be
“ the slaves of thy brutal passions, didst
“ thou conceive that in the person of
“ Mabel Donavan, thou hadst to sport
“ with a wench, whose feelings were
“ pliant, and whose person was put up at
“ the price of every reptile’s brutal lust.—
“ Avaunt and leave me villain, nor ever
“ with thy abhorred person blast the sight
“ of the injured relict, of thy deceived
“ Moor O’Mara.”

As Mabel concluded a smile of irony, marked the countenance of Felix, who advancing some paces to the disdainful and insulted Donavan, addressed her in the following words.

“ I have with patience attended to the
“ opprobrious epithets which have fallen

“ from thy tongue Mabel, fully convinced
“ that the impression under which thou
“ labourest of my conduct (possessing
“ feelings such as thine,) must naturally
“ lead thee to despise me ; now list to me
“ Donavan, and then be judge how far I
“ have in reality merited the character
“ thou hast bestowed upon me. It is
“ Moor O’Mara, thou hast to thank for
“ the late supposed insult offered thee,
“ it was his assurances of thy match-
“ less truth, and unshaken constancy
“ towards him, which hath frequently
“ prompted him to urge me forward to
“ the adoption of such a measure, should
“ I ever behold thee for the sole purpose
“ of appreciating the justice of his
“ opinion, and thy steadfast love towards
“ him. I confess, Mabel, till this moment
“ I have been prompted to regard more
“ lightly the female character, and for that
“ purpose it was, in addition to the desires
“ so frequently expressed by O’Mara that

“ I ventured for a few minutes to incur
“ thy just resentment ; after this expla-
“ nation thou wilt not I trust persevere in
“ thine opinion, which would only be
“ repaying with unmerited cruelty the
“ exalted idea which I shall henceforth
“ entertain of thy virtue, integrity, and
“ honour.”

The degree of calm confidence with which this apology was uttered and the palpable compliment which was offered could not but prove flattering to the vanity of Donavan, who conscious moreover of her unalterable fidelity to her departed protector, banished all suspicion from her mind, and smiling at the pretended offers of love from Felix, she voluntarily tendered him her hand saying :

“ It is sufficient, and if I felt a degree
“ of anguish on beholding, as I conceived,
“ a villain in the person of O’Brien, the

“ momentary suffering is alleviated by the
“ satisfaction I now experience in finding
“ that he is not unworthy the friendship
“ and confidence which was bestowed on
“ him by Moor O’Mara.”

Felix O’Brien, respectfully taking the hand of Mabel, replied.—

“ It shall henceforth be my unremitting
“ endeavour to prove that I act up to the
“ principles which, when living I solemnly
“ vowed to be governed by in every thing
“ that related to thy departed protector or
“ those connected with him by any tie of
“ consanguinity. I will not ask a ratifi-
“ cation of thy forgiveness by any fresh
“ assurances on thy part, for I feel a con-
“ viction that Mabel Donavan would never
“ proffer the hand of friendship while in
“ her heart the dagger of hatred was
“ planted against the deluded believer in

“ her specious assumption of forgiveness
“ and amity.”

“ Thou judgest aright,” answered Mabel, “ except for the interest of the
“ man I loved or the offspring I bore,
“ never would I stoop to the meanness of
“ duplicity ; no let me rather meet the
“ angry tyger who gives token of his
“ wrath and death portending attack, than
“ be deluded by the syren cries of the de-
“ ceitful crocodile. I have tendered thee my
“ hand, Felix, and I confess it was with
“ joy I ratified my forgiveness with a re-
“ turn of that esteem I had previously
“ imbibed in thy behalf.”

Felix bowing his head in token of his heartfelt satisfaction, spoke no more upon the late topic, and after continuing for a short space of time with Donavan took his departure after having acquainted her that the lapse of two days would decide

the object of his mission, after which she must immediately be in readiness to commence with him the projected journey to her native shores of Erin.

The person of Mabel Donavan which seemed to have interested the feelings of Felix O'Brien, was of that cast which excites admiration in the breast of an observer. She was tall of stature and perfectly well proportioned, while her countenance was the index of a resolute and noble spirit; her hair, of which she had a profusion, was long and dark, hanging o'er her bosom in natural ringlets her front was high and polished, while her arched brows covered two eyes black, full, and penetrating: her nose had more of the aquiline than Grecian form, and the extremities of her well-turned mouth instead of indicating the simpering smile was rather characterized by an expression, that gave a fixed sternness to her physiognomy

more productive of respect than the admiration which arises from love, her chin was prominent and dented beneath the under lip, and her dark complexion very faintly tinged with the dye of health, which to a set of features like Mabel's, was the better calculated to implant awe in the beholder.

Such was the being that had interested Moor O'Mara's gloomy spirit, and seemed to awaken desire in the breast of Felix O'Brien, who notwithstanding his well concerted excuse and apparent respectful friendship for Donavan, felt the goadings of the gloomy fiend vengeance, haunt his soul, while his despised love was an insult to his pride and vanity too flagrant to be passed over in calm forgetfulness.

According to the intimation of O'Brien, Mabel without further delay proceeded to make every necessary arrangement for her

approaching voyage to Ireland, which was soon effected, when at the accustomed hour the succeeding day Felix O'Brien again presented himself and was welcomed by his hostess with all that cordiality which had characterized her manners, previous to the proceeding of Felix, on the foregoing evening. This candour and unsuspecting conduct in Donavan, gave infinite satisfaction to the vengeful spirit of O'Brien, who shortly after his arrival, informed Mabel that the next evening but one, was the time fixed for his quitting London, at which period she must be prepared to depart. Donavan with cheerfulness expressed her satisfaction on learning this fact, and with unfeigned joy, depictur'd on her countenance, gave the best welcome to Felix O'Brien ; whose conduct, though friendly and marked with respect, appeared frequently strained, a circumstance which was unobserved by his hostess, in

whose bosom the seeds of rancour and discontent, where wholly annihilated.

At twilight on the evening appointed. Mabel Donavan repaired to the place of rendezvous, where she found Felix O'Brien punctually attending with a palfrey, for the conveyance of herself, and her son Reginald O'Mara. Being mounted in the saddle, Mabel preceded by her protector commenced the arduous journey with such few articles of apparel, as she deemed requisite, and could with ease transport, while nearest her heart, hung a crucifix, and equally concealed beneath her vestments on the right side was secreted a poinard, which she had firmness to wield, if called into any acmeasures for the salvation of her own, or her offspring's existence,

CHAP. VI.

'Twas not a female sure? for Spartan like
She did her sex belie, and call the blush
Into the cheek of manhood's self. The cause
Had it been good, perform'd by such a soul,
Would with futurity have stood the test,
Nor yielded to the Greek, or Roman name.

To save her chastity she dealt the blow,
And desp'rate laid the perjurd villain low:
Whose soul accurs'd imbrued in streams of blood,
Was born by Charon o'er the Stygian flood;
To share with Tantalus unceasing pain:
Or roll with Sisiphus the stone in vain.

AFTER proceeding through Middlesex
and Berkshire by unfrequented roads, and

making as few halts as possible, the travellers gained on the evening of the third day, the city of Bristol: where they did not think fit to make any procrastination in the journey, as Felix O'Brien was fearful of pursuit, for which purpose a course totally different from that usually pursued by travellers, was drawn out by the emissaries, in support of the faith in London, who had committed their dispatches, with a considerable sum in gold, for the furtherance of Tyrone's rebellion to the care of Felix O'Brien.

On arriving at the banks of the river Severn, not many miles from the mouth of the Bristol channel, Felix instantly hired a small vessel for the conveyance of himself, his female companion and her child, in which they embarked without loss of time, and gained in safety the Welsh coast, where having landed they entered the town of Cardiff, whose strong

Castle frowned in stately majesty upon the surrounding scenery, being completely fortified, to withstand the most inveterate siege.

From this strongly garrisoned place, the travellers again proceeded forward, after having enjoyed an interval of rest, to recruit the natural exhaustion, which is attendant on continued fatigue. Apprehensive least some enquiries might be made at Landaff, Felix O'Brien deemed it most expedient to keep to the left of that place, as well as Caerfilly, leaving the river Tave to the right, and bearing towards the unfrequented and stupendous hills of Monuchdenary.

Towards the evening of the first day appeared in the distance, that lofty chain of mountains gradually rising in succession, till the whole were enveloped in the azure mist, which as the sun bent its

rapid course towards the west produced the most enchanting and sublime appearance, the intermingled streaks of crimson, gold and purple hue, array'd in magnificence, the wavy summits of the steeps, while the frequent light and shade and the diversified tints, that characterized the remoter eminences, produced sentiments at once pleasing, yet awfully grand.

Donavan struck with the magnificent scenery of nature, forgot for a while those cogitations which had invariably impressed themselves on her imagination, and lost in wonder, gave herself up to the contemplation of those works, which could alone be produced by an invisible and almighty power.

Far different however were the sensations of Felix, who regardless of the sublimity of nature, suffered only hidden

gloomy ideas, to mantle his breast, which appeared as if brooding o'er some deed of malignity and horror.

As the varied tints of heaven became less brilliant in the west, the grey robe of evening, stole in silence o'er the eastern expanse, 'twas then the dark shades enveloped the hills of Monuchdenary, which being no longer enlivened by the rays of the golden sun, appeared as many dark eminences, frowning on the plains beneath, while yet in the rear, the pallid yellow of expiring day, crowned the remotest hills with dying light.

Scarcely had the faintest tinge of eve, yielded to the gloom forerunning night, ere the chaste orb displayed her silvery beams and the bright glittering gems of heaven, scintillated in the dun canopy above, it was the spring time of the year, and never did nature more embellish the

fecundate bosom of the earth, nor the enchanting objects of the celestial sphere shine forth with a more unclouded majesty.

“ If it were consonant with my tenets,” internally thought Mabel, “ I could now
“ divest my mind of every established
“ form of worship and calmly philosophize
“ on the objects before me ; but I am
“ forbidden to wander in the field of speculation, I must concentrate my mind
“ to one given point, where no doubt can
“ arise to perplex ; nor any visionary chimeras obtrude themselves to mar my well
“ being here, and my happiness in futurity.

“ To the immaculate Virgin, therefore
“ will I offer up my theme of praise, and
“ supplicate the intervention of her redeeming son, for who can approach the
“ seat of mercy without such mediation,
“ who can expect the remission of sin, and

“ the purification of angels bereft of the
“ prayers of that heavenly champion who
“ for us yielded his celestial being to
“ become the creature of frail mortality,
“ and finally expiate the transgressions
“ of all by the sacrifice of himself upon
“ the cross.”

As Donavan concluded this internal reverie, she placed her right hand on the crucifix which rested near her heart while her left arm encircled the waist of the sleeping Reginald, who carefully enfolded in her ample garments felt not the chilling breezes of the night that swept in gentle moanings through the leaves of the surrounding trees.

“ Sacred symbol of the christian
“ church,” exclaimed Mabel, “ how my
“ soul swells with gratitude as I press
“ thee to my fervent heart, thou
“ shalt be my stay in every difficulty

“ here, and my passport to realms of bliss
“ beyond the grave. Thou wast the sup-
“ porter of my O’Mara in all the trials he
“ endured ; on thee was his reliance
“ placed at the solemn hour of dissolution,
“ may this young one never vary from the
“ faith, but like his father live and die the
“ rigid adherent of catholicism.”

In this wrapt strain continued Mabel until the arrival of Felix O’Brien at a small hamlet where they halted for the night, and by returning light again took horse and proceeded on their journey to the mountains of Monuchdenny which for seclusion it was conceived most expedient they should pass in their way to Aberistwith where an Irish vessel was stationed ready for the conveyance of O’Brien from the coast of Wales.

By mid-day the travellers gained the base of the first range of hills where they

slowly commenced the rugged ascent, sometimes proceeding towards the summit by steep roads which at a distance seemed perpendicular, while at other periods they wound round the uneven sides of the mountains, from whence appeared the hollow chasms beneath, frequently re-echoing with the deep bellowings of the distant stream that rushed impetuous o'er projecting masses of the rocks. Sometimes a verdant sweep appeared in view on which the sheep and cattle browsed, while frequently upon a rude o'er-hanging crag the mountain goat would look unconscious from the dizzying height seeming to contemplate the dell below.

Such were the successive prospects that met the gaze of the travellers while no human being save themselves appeared to diversify the stupendous scenery; and thus did they advance until they had nearly gained the summit of the third

eminence, which seemed to o’ertop every surrounding mountain ; when gazing from the height the fleecy clouds were slowly wafted under the feet of the travellers, partially obscuring from their sight the sides of the steeps and the expanded valley that stretched itself beneath.

As the grey evening once more began to shed its influence around, Mabel perceived a great expanse of mountainous country before her, yet could not discern the trace even of a lowly hovel where they might be sheltered from the cold dews of night, this contemplation did not by any means originate in Donavan’s fears for herself, but as a mother she thought for the safety of her son, and under this impression she thus addressed herself to Felix O’Brien—

“ Knowest thou whither we shall this
“ night repair to find a lodging from the
“ damps and cold ? ”

“ I am equally unacquainted with thy-
“ self,” replied O’Brien, gloomily.

“ Hast thou not perhaps mistaken the
“ tract along these dreary and unfre-
“ quented mountains ?” resumed Mabel.

“ I have but to consult my chart,” an-
swered Felix in the same tone of voice,
“ and that cannot mislead me, for here is
“ my route designated, and by that am I
“ governed.” O’Brien holding forth a
paper which he drew from his bosom as he
spoke.

“ But art thou not with others liable
“ perhaps to err” continued Donavan,
“ for myself I am thoroughly assured no
“ drawing or written description could
“ guide me through these dreary passes
“ to any particular given point.”

“ I am not infallible I own,” said Felix

with a sneer of contempt, "and may
" perhaps have misled thyself and me, if
" so we must secure the best retreat pos-
" sible, for such is the only consolation
" I have to offer should we be really so
" circumstanced."

Mabel was silent and in this manner did the travellers proceed until the approach of darkness without the appearance of any place of shelter to reanimate the harassed spirits of Donavan, who began to feel seriously for her darling son. On a sudden however as they wound round the base of the lofty mountain they had passed, a rustic lad appeared at no great distance driving a flock of sheep, to whom Mabel addressed herself desiring to be informed where they might find a place of rest for the night.

To this enquiry however Donavan received an answer which she could not

comprehend, as the youth could speak no other but the Welch dialect, finding it therefore impossible to make herself understood by conversation, Mabel had recourse to action whereby she indicated her desire to sleep, which motion the rustic soon comprehended and by his gesture gave her to understand that she must follow his steps, which she accordingly did while Felix O'Brien advanced in silence.

The general tenor of her protector's conduct though it did not escape Donavan's penetration, by no means excited in her breast any degree of alarm, as she attributed his silence and moroseness to the length of the journey and the weighty concerns that were committed to his charge, the failure of which might prove the overthrow of the most sanguine expectations of Tyrone and his adherents.

By the friendly guidance of the peasant lad the travellers gained at length a rustic cottage where they enjoyed such fare as the host could produce, who having given up the share of the rug he always occupied with his wife, Donavan took his place with her child, while Felix O'Brien, for whom no accommodation could be had passed the night with his host over a flaggon of ale who after some conversation in the best English he was capable of speaking demanded of Felix whither he journeyed, to which O'Brien replied that his course was towards the Black Mountains which it was necessary he should pass on the succeeding day.

“ Beshrew me and hur thought as
“ much,” replied the host, “ Oh ! there
“ be strange stories told, look you, of these
“ dreary hills, ’tis there they say the
“ spirit of the lady Winifreda stalks at
“ midnight, while the ghost of the famous

“ Owen ap Griffith mounted on a coal
“ black steed gallops like lightning along
“ the brows of the mountains ; as for
“ hurself, look you, though hur be poor
“ and lowly, hur would not be benighted
“ on these hills were hur to be made king
“ of all the world. Hur remembers well
“ when hur was yet a youth in prime, hur
“ thought ’twere all deceit, nor should hur
“ ever have believed it otherwise had hur
“ not with these old eyes, which then were
“ young, look you, seen the corps candles
“ burn, which was the token of old Griddy
“ Shenkin’s death, that happened, look
“ you, that same night by twelve of the
“ clock, O ! by Saint David, hur does not
“ like those huge plack mountains at all,
“ look you.”

With such strange tales did the host continue to amuse his guest until the matin songsters warned O’Brien of the necessity there was to set forward without.

delay, in order that they might be enabled to pass the black mountains ere return of night, which were far more dreary than those already traversed, and more liable to bewilder a traveller, who was not well versed in their intricacies. Mabel having speedily arrayed herself and Reginald; received from the hands of the hostess a savoury cake, and a jug of milk, which she quaffed with grateful thanks, after rewarding the benevolence of their host the party once more remounted their steeds, and pursued the dreary way.

The luminary of day broke forth in full splendor, serving in some measure to enliven the road, which became less verdant as they advanced, and far more gloomy than on the preceeding day's journey, and by the tenth hour of morning having passed the Mounuchdenny Hills, the travellers found themselves on the expansive plain which separates those eminences from the

bases of the black mountains, which in unison with their name, seemed to lower gloomily on every surrounding object.

The unsheltered tract which Felix pursued became the more unpleasant as they advanced, on account of the heat of the sun which was peculiarly oppressive, nor did there appear the prospect of any degree of comfort as they proceeded up the mountains, which afforded no trees for shelter, and scarcely any appearance of verdure, the whole being a rocky soil interspersed with tracts of gravelly land, which gave nutriment only to the dark grey furze and heath, or fostered the prickly and inodorous thistle.

By the ninth hour of morning Felix O'Brien began to ascend the steep sides of one of the black mountains, the view from whence, as the travellers advanced, displayed nothing but a succession of

dreadfully stupendous eminences which seemed to vie with each other in the solitary gloominess of their several appearances. The landscape as on the preceeding day was no where enlivened by the harmless flocks of sheep or cattle, which browsed on the mountains of Monuchdenny, even the wild goat fled from these steeps which seemed abandoned by every thing which had animal life.

The persevering and active temperament of Donavan's mind far from feeling any depression at these unpleasant scenes, only looked forward to the period which would waft her and Reginald to the shores of her native Ireland, which she felt more anxious to revisit in proportion as she advanced nearer the termination of her painful journey.

The burning sun had passed the meri-

dian ere the travellers found themselves on the opposite base of the first mountain which they had ascended, a circumstance that apparently gave some astonishment to Felix O'Brien, who paused in silence and continued for a time examining the chart by which he had been hitherto guided in his course.

After observing with a scrutinizing eye the appearance of the surrounding hills, he at length replaced the paper in his vest, and then continued descending to the bottom of the mountain. Having traversed a small valley which separated that and the second steep displaying to the view nothing but loose flint stones, the travellers commenced the ascent of the second black mountain, while as they proceeded an hollow sound imperceptibly swelled upon the breeze, which gradually became more distinct, till the harsh rumbling of some impetuous fall of water

at no great distance, warned the travellers to advance with caution. Felix and his companion had now apparently travelled two thirds of the way towards the summit of this sterile mountain, when the sound which had previously been loud became on a sudden horribly tremendous, as from that part of the steep a gulph almost instantaneously presented itself to the view of the affrighted traveller, being from its perpendicular depth and the narrowness of the cavity obscured at the bottom in misty gloom, save where the foaming waters dashing from many a steep on a level with the spot where the observer stood, diversified the darkness by the sparkling foam which was produced at every successive ridge of stone that projected to break the perpendicular current of the furious element. The grandeur of this scene did not escape even the observation of Felix O'Brien, who gazed for some minutes on the dreadful chasm,

while Mabel impressed with awful astonishment, felt her brain turning as she contemplated the dreadful cataract from the maddening height.

Soon after having quitted this terrific spot, the travellers crossed a narrow passage formed of planks which were secured to the ridge on the opposite side of the gulph, from the middle of which a complete prospect of the whole cataract, with a view of the depth beneath was apparent, forming a scene more grand than language can possibly express.

During the remainder of the day a sameness of prospect was alone observable, and notwithstanding all the expedition possible had been used, the sombre shades of evening once more diffused their influence o'er the retiring rays of the setting sun, which still shot above the summits of the mountains, though the great lumi-

nary itself had sunk beneath their surface to drive by his effulgent beams the shades of murky night from our antipodes.

The hour of darkness was now fast approaching, and to render the situation of the travellers more unpleasant a dark sheet of clouds appeared in the north, while the wind, which was bleak and piercing, drove them forward in sullen majesty, and as the last tinge of day vanished slowly from the horizon a misty rain began to descend, while the murky o'erfraught clouds expanding in every direction soon obscured the partial light which the silv'ry moon had for a time displayed to cheer the solitary way.

Still Felix O'Brien advanced until the road led into a narrow pass between two lofty precipices, when having proceeded for some time the watry gleam from the half obscured luminary of night

enabled him to discern several deep caverns on either side of the rugged pathway, upon which stopping his horse, he requested Mabel would halt, when he proceeded to inform her that he was doubtful in the course he had been pursuing, and that as no habitable building appeared to afford them covering from the impending rain, he conceived it would be most expedient to retire for shelter in one of the caverns that presented themselves, and there await the return of morning.

Fearful of proceeding further in darkness least they should stray even more widely from the direct tract, Donavan allowed the expediency of the measure, and therefore without hesitation acquiesced with the proposal of Felix O'Brien, who having alighted proceeded to explore the nearest recess in the rock which afforded a complete shelter from the inclemency of the night: thither O'Brien conducted

Mabel and her boy, who having sought refuge at the very extremity of the cavern where obscured in gloom no passenger from the entrance could discern a human form, Felix then acquainted Donavan that it was his intention to conduct their horses to an adjoining aperture in the mountain, where he would continue on the watch until returning dawn.

O'Brien having departed from Donavan she wrapped her wearied boy within her own mantle and placed him nearest the extremity of the cavern, while seated on the earth she supported her back against the side of the gloomy abode, after which pressing the crucifix to her heart, she offered up her accustomed prayers to the virgin, and then loosening the dagger from the scabbard which was concealed at her right side, she rested it upon her lap, while her hand grasped the hilt that in

case of danger she might be prepared to repel any unexpected attack.

No sooner had Mabel stretched the form of the infant Reginald upon the earth than the wearied child yielded to the soft spell of sleep, which rendered his stoney couch as lulling to the senses as the luxuriant bed of down, and notwithstanding Donavan's determination of continuing on the watch the same soporific spell crept o'er her senses, and the renovating stupor soon lulled her soul in the soft trances of mental oblivion.

During this annihilation of all sublunary thought, Mabel's creative fancy was still picturing scenes connected with her fate, as a succession of events which had characterized her own and O'Mara's course through life were retraced to her wandering imagination with peculiar precision. At length however the following vision was

pourtrayed to her entranced mind awakening all those feelings she was so calculated to experience in their full force.

She thought the scene in which O'Brien had been the actor when in London was renewed with every particular occurrence attendant on that event, his extraordinary attack upon her person and the subsequent apology which had reconciled her to him : no sooner was this dream concluded than O'Mara to appearance stood before her, while she imagined herself in her dream what she really was, absorbed in soundest sleep, while her Reginald lay beside her. In vain did O'Mara seemingly endeavour to express himself by language to Mabel, all his struggles appeared unable to accomplish the desired end, while she equally strove, but without effect, to arise and throw herself in the arms of him she loved. In one instant the countenance of Moor seemed indicatory of

the most poignant anguish, when suddenly his image vanished from her presence, and in his place appeared the form of Felix O'Brien, whose visage was contorted with the most violent passions while in his left hand he seemed to grasp the person of the child Reginald which he eyed with a grin of the most fiend-like malignancy.

This vision was productive of the most violent struggle in the mind of Donavan, when agitation at length burst asunder the bonds of sleep, when her hand was instantly directed to the spot where she had placed Reginald, but what was her horror on finding the child was no longer there, when turning her head she beheld in reality the figure of Felix O'Brien holding in his left hand the youthful boy, while in his right he grasped the weapon of bloody extermination.

On beholding this terrific sight Do-

navan shrieking sprung upon her knees, and with outstretched hands supplicated mercy for her offspring. When Felix O'Brien darting looks of brutal exultation thus replied to her entreaties.—

“ So then I have thee now within my
“ power, disdainful Donavan, hadst thou
“ so little foresight as to trust my seeming
“ tale ? didst thou imagine, woman, that
“ I, who never yet have sued in vain to
“ thy weak sex, should smother in my
“ breast the insult heaped upon me and
“ be thy pander and thy slave ? No, no,
“ Mabel, my passions are not formed in
“ such a mould, nor is revenge so stifled
“ in my breast. I tell thee plain thy per-
“ son pleased, nay yet hath powers to win
“ me from my purpose ; from the hour
“ when thou didst scorn me have I vowed
“ such retribution as revenge could con-
“ jure up. I have succeeded, my well
“ told tale deceived thy too forgiving

“ spirit, nay thou hast thyself been arbiter
“ of thy fate, for even to thy foe hast thou
“ committed the charge of thyself and
“ child, what prospect could be more
“ dazzling to the desire of vengeance?
“ what place more suited than the present
“ to the fulfilment of my every wish? yet
“ will I not by force abuse thee: No, I
“ have ever found woman to be tractable
“ and return the warmth I myself have felt,
“ therefore list and then decide for thyself.
“ From the moment when the shades of
“ night began to scarf day’s orb had I
“ determined that my scheme should be
“ accomplished, full well I know thy
“ active spirit, and therefore was I aware
“ that without some aid sleep would
“ never have ensteeped thy senses, know
“ then that I when last thou didst par-
“ take of beverage within the cup I mixed
“ a soporific drug, to that alone am I in-
“ debted for the transient spell that bound
“ thee; near to the entrance of thy cavern

“ have I awaited the fortunate juncture,
“ it arrived and I in triumph from thy side
“ transported Reginald whose blood be
“ on thy head if thou refusest to receive
“ me to thy arms with all the energies
“ attendant on requited love.”

“ Monster,” exclaimed Mabel, half frantic with horror and despair, “ was this
“ the bosom friend of Moor O’Mara, can
“ this—

Donavan was proceeding to give vent to her feelings, when the brutal and determined Felix O’Brien, in a voice commanding and loud, which echoed through the vault, exclaimed.

“ Peace, daring woman, if such an epithet as *monster* again escapes thy lips,
“ nay, if one sentence of reproof should
“ meet my ear thy darling son shall

“ through his heart receive this glittering
“ steel, by all the saints in heaven.”

“ O God !” exclaimed Mabel, wringing her hands, and throwing herself prostrate to the ground in a state of desperation.

“ Art thou resolved,” resumed O’Brien sternly.

As if a sudden impulse had taken possession of Donavan’s mind, she raised herself from the earth, and on one knee made answer thus.

“ O’Brien, hear me ; to sign the war-
“ rant for my Reginald’s death is incom-
“ patible with my feelings as a catholic
“ and a mother, therefore I resign myself
“ to thy embraces, under the assurance
“ that my conduct will lead thee to give
“ me a just title to thy love.”

“Doubt me not,” exclaimed Félix, in a softened tone, “ere long at the altar shall the most fervent love be ratified, and thou shalt bear the name of him who from this hour will be thy slave.”

As Félix concluded this specious assurance, he placed his sword within the scabbard, and committing the affrighted Reginald to the ground, continued, “There is thy boy, take him once more to thy breast, and then prepare for the fulfilment of thy promise.”

Donavan with the energy of a fond parent received to her heart the trembling boy, when after embracing him for a time, she felt the abhorred form of the treacherous and cruel O’Brien close beside her, who twining his arms around her waist, strove by the most endearing language and soft caresses to efface the late atrocious steps he had pursued. At the monster’s

touch the thrill of death ran through every vein, and Mabel involuntarily shuddered, yet having wound her determination to the highest pitch, she rallied her sickening spirits, and masking her emotions as well as possible, returned in some measure, the caresses of O'Brien who fully assured that no obstacle now retarded the completion of his lustful purpose, proceeded to those indecent familiarities which are the concomitants of brutal desires. Already had he sealed on Donavan's mouth the burning kiss of shameless desire, while his muscular arms held her form closely locked to his, when Mabel stretching forth her hand exclaimed.

“ This, and this, and this abhorred fiend
“ of hell be Mabel's offering at the shrine
“ of female chastity.”

“Blasted be thy hand,” groaned forth O’Brien, writhing in anguish from the death-dooming gashes inflicted by Donovan’s just and vengeful rage.

“Sorceress fiend, thou hast it now,” continued Felix, who in vain endeavoured to unsheath his sword, and bury it in Mabel’s heart.

Donavan, seizing her Reginald in her arms quickly sprang from the spot, and then exclaimed with exultation.

“Thou knewest not how I was armed,
“abhorred demon, to counteract thy foul
“intent—take thy death, the due reward
“of thy perjured friendship, lust and
“cruelty, ‘by treachery is treachery re-
“paid.”

“Curses on thy soul,” groaned forth O’Brien, “and thus measure still hath

“ measure ; deeper curses too assail thy
“ heart. Oh ! had I known thee armed
“ with any hostile steel—then thou hadst
“ not thus triumphed over me—‘Tis done,
“ I cannot call on heaven, horrors and the
“ grave await me—I !—I !—can no more.”

A lengthened moan succeeded these broken exclamations, after which the lips of O'Brien uttered some unintelligible words and then were mute for ever.

For a few seconds a horrid torpor numbed the frame of Donavan, in one arm she tightly clasped her enhorrored boy while the other still grasped with firmness the reeking dagger with which she had so providentially armed herself.

In this state of unutterable terror, which was the effect of the violent struggles that had assailed the breast of Mabel, and which had been terminated by the late

bloody catastrophe, did she continue for several minutes, quite lost to every rational idea. Her mind at length became less perturbed, and her wandering thoughts acquired a greater degree of consistency, when her first thought was the situation in which she was involved, and the plan most expedient to be pursued. In this train of ideas Donovan remained for a time absorbed, when suddenly her attention was aroused on hearing the shrill blast from an horn, which was apparently blown by some individual at no great distance.

Petrified at this unexpected sound, Mabel, after some few seconds consideration, was on the point of rushing forward to demand assistance from the stranger, when the reeking blade of the poignard, still within her grasp, and the lifeless corps of O'Brien, suddenly presented themselves to her view, sufficient to stamp her guilty of murder, and consequently

doom her to an ignominious death : From these considerations secretion then struck her as the best expedient, and she consequently continued in speechless agony the event that might ensue. The thought also had occurred to her that Felix being a rebel, whose life was a forfeit, she might on that account have excused herself from the murder in the eyes of the law, but then she herself was equally amenable if discovered as the partner of the late Moor O'Mara, in addition to which, evidence could be adduced that she had travelled in company with Felix O'Brien, which at once stamped her a confederate in his treasonable practices.

After a considerable lapse of time the trampling of horses hoofs caught Donovan's listening ear, when under the covert of the o'erhanging crags she stole cautiously with Reginald towards the entrance of the cavern, from whence she

presently saw the horses, which had transported herself and O'Brien, pass slowly before the entrance of the cave, at this moment the idea of effecting an immediate escape entered her mind, when she thought the sound of a human voice caught her ear, and upon listening attentively, the converse became more articulate, when nearly opposite the mouth of the cavern, she presently beheld two male forms, in military accoutrements, approach and there make a halt, having their helmets and armour buckled on. Desirous of ascertaining their purpose if possible, Donavan with infinite anxiety listened to their converse, which was as follows.

“ At length, comrade, we have traced
“ them, for those must be their horses,
“ and they have doubtless secreted
“ themselves in one of these dark ca-
“ verns.”

“ Knowest thou who the female is that
“ bears him company, with a little boy
“ the partner of their journey ?”

“ All I can tell thee is, that news came
“ post from London to Landaff, stating
“ that a discovery had been made of one of
“ Tyrone’s emissaries having received at
“ London a plan of operations for the ca-
“ tholics in Ireland, together with great
“ store of gold, and that he was on his
“ route to join the rebels, and had been
“ traced to Cardiff, but that the express
“ arrived too late to secure him, as to the
“ female, rumour says her name is Scroope,
“ but she has assumed that title being
“ herself no other than the mistress of the
“ gunpowder conspirator, Moor O’Mara,
“ who it is supposed found means to
“ escape from London, and join Tyrone’s
“ rebellion.”

“ Would we could secure the rene-
“ gades,” replied the other guard, “ for
“ the proclamation states that all the gold
“ found upon the traitor shall be his who
“ takes him.”

“ Where the plague can our brother
“ soldiers be, they have doubtless gone
“ with the guide the direct road over
“ the black mountains, and we shall not
“ perhaps be able alone to secure the
“ traitors.”

“ That’s what I fear,” returned the
other soldier, “ for they told us ere we
“ marched from Cardiff Castle, that he
“ was a tall strong Irishman, and doubt-
“ less armed bravely for his defence, be-
“ sides when the fellow knows that if he
“ does not fight his way the gallows will
“ end him, that gives a man the courage
“ of the devil himself.”

“ Well, comrade, what’s best to be
“ done ?”

“ Faith I have it,” resumed the other suddenly. “ Do thou straight mount the
“ villain’s horse, and make at full speed
“ towards the summit of this mountain,
“ from whence thou wilt be enabled to
“ descry some of our troopers, who at the
“ sound of thy horn, will instantly come
“ to our assistance ?”

“ ’Tis justly thought,” exclaimed the other, “ beshrew me, but I’ll make the
“ palfrey go, until I bring thee succour.”

“ May good fortune speed thee,” resumed his comrade, “ here then will I
“ await, and keep strict watch, and if a
“ soul escapes without the contents of
“ this good carabine in his stomach, my
“ name’s not Peter.”

Quite petrified at this harangue, Mabel for a time knew not what course to pursue, the case was desperate and her thoughts partook of sentiments applicable to the perilous situation in which she was placed. If taken, an ignominious death was her portion, and to rush out upon the soldier by surprise, was in vain, as the charge of his carabine would instantly consign her to the grave. A transient thought suddenly flashed on her brain, which if the means were in her power, she thought might save her from the immediate peril: with a palpitating heart, Donavan flew to the clay cold corpse of Felix O'Brien, and instantly proceeded to rifle his pockets, when to her inexpressible joy, she found beneath his doublet, two pistols ready primed and loaded, while in his pouch was a case containing tinder, matches, flint and steel; without a moment's delay, Donavan proceeding to the very extremity of the

cavern, that the noise of the beating together the flint and steel, might not attract the soldiers ear, instantly struck a light, and communicated it to the two match locks, when armed with these weapons, she returned forthwith to the place of secretion, at the mouth of the cavern.

The noise created by the reverberation of the sound within the cave, while Donovan had been employed in striking the light, had caught the attentive and listening ear of the guard, who in consequence had cautiously quitted his post, and on Donovan's return to her place, she observed him stealing softly towards the mouth of the cavern with his carabine presented ready to fire. At that moment the partial light of the moon as if to forward Mabel's design gave full upon the soldier's person, by which means Donovan was enabled to take a better aim, when commending herself to

the protection of all the blessed saints she dropped the burning touchwood on the pan, and as the report echoed through the cavernous abode the unfortunate soldier fell to the earth a lifeless corse.

Mabel dropping prostrate on her knees, thrice made the sign of the holy cross, then rising gave a few moments to serious consideration, as to the perils that environed her own safety, and that of her child, when she executed the following purposes, with the rapidity of thought.

Having first extinguished the burning touchwood of the remaining loaded pistol least she might find it essential to her safety, she instantly quitted the cavern, and with the utmost dispatch stripped the body of the dead soldier, in whose warlike trappings, Mabel speedily arrayed herself, after which, returning to the cavern, she loosened the belt which con-

tained the dispatches and gold that were to have been conveyed to Ireland by Felix O'Brien, which was buckled round his waist, and carefully concealed beneath his vestments, and then dragged forth his body, leaving it exposed in the path.

From this valuable repository having taken one of the bags containing five hundred marks, she bound the girdle containing the rest round her own loins, committing the bag to the pouch which hung by a belt across the buff leathern doublet, wherein she was disguised, and in the pocket of which she found the mandate for the seizure of the persons of herself and Felix O'Brien, together with the reward offered for such apprehension, a duplicate of which was in every soldier's possession.

These steps being taken, she next conveyed the body of the guard within the

cavern opposite to that in which she had remained secreted, and then arming herself with her own poignard, as well as the sword of O'Brien, and taking the remaining loaded pistol, and the burning tinder, she sallied forth leading Reginald by the hand, in order to secure, if possible, the horse which had before carried her when under the supposed honourable protection of the traitor O'Brien.

The faint radiance of the moon still emitted a watry gleam, by which Donovan was enabled to perceive at no considerable distance the steed that was the object of her search, which having secured she speedily mounted, with Reginald before her, and thus committing her safety to the guidance of fate took the direct road in which Felix O'Brien was proceeding, when they first made the halt that had proved so fraught with events of the most direful import.

Without making the smallest stoppage Mabel proceeded onwards, heedless alike of fatigue and the course she was then pursuing, when the first flush of dubious light appearing in the east at length gave token of the approaching dawn of day.

CHAP. VII.

School'd in vicissitude,
And with a mien that wore composure's stamp
She look'd on bitter foes as dearest friends,
Who never dream'd of enmity.

She scorn'd fatigue that would have shook the frame,
In sturdy manhood cast—her's was a soul
With Amazonian powers array'd; that scorn'd
To own submission to the body's weakness.

Now mental anguish foe to sleep,
The lulling charm dispells,
For naught the senses can ensteep,
Where pain internal dwells.

W. I.

THE first measure adopted by the wary
Donavan, was to instruct Reginald not

to address her by the title of mother, as in that case a certain exposure of her real sex must take place, which would not fail to excite curiosity, and thus her whole plan would be frustrated in one unwary moment. Having taken this necessary precaution, Mabel was still proceeding in her course, when the approaching sound of an horse at speed caught her attention, upon which, summoning all the resolution she was capable of displaying, she continued in the same tract, determined to brave every threatening peril, and if compelled, have recourse to arms, in order to protect her child, and secure a retreat, or terminate in the struggle, her eventful history.

In a few seconds the very soldier appeared at a little distance, who had mounted the horse of Felix O'Brien, in order to procure the necessary assistance for the apprehension of that traitor and

Mabel. But no other guard was in his company, which circumstance afforded a degree of consolation to Mabel, who immediately drew the iron cap over her forehead as much as possible, and winding a piece of linen round the lower part of her visage, which was besmeared by the blood of the murdered guard, and which she had expressly kept within her bosom, she advanced thus disguised, towards the approaching soldier, who presently halted at her side.

“ Well comrade, what news ? ” demanded the unwelcome intruder.

“ All is compleated without the aid of our fellow soldiers,” replied Donavan in tones, as harsh as she could possibly assume.

“ Plague on it,” resumed the other, “ I have in vain sought after them, but

“ say what hath happened to thee for
“ some blood seems to have been spilt,
“ and thou hast got the little urchin
“ safe.”

“ No matter” resumed Donavan hastily,
“ I lose blood apace, all I therefore advise
“ thee, is to go and transport the traitor’s
“ body on thine horse towards the rendezvous,
“ appointed for the halt to-morrow, where I shall meet thee, that we
“ may share the prize. I struck the villain dead after a desperate round, three
“ gashes made his finish. As to the
“ woman, I could not find her, but
“ verily believe, that in the conflict she
“ effected her escape, and brutal like, left
“ this child, which would have been a
“ burthen to her.”

“ Whither goest thou ?” demanded the soldier.

“ I am for joining the Captain of our
“ troop, that I may consign to him the
“ dispatches found on the villain in the
“ interior,” continued the artful Donavan,
fully aware of the persuasive power of
gold, “ take thou this bag of marks, as
“ earnest of what we shall share.”

The fellow eagerly received the welcome donation, upon which Mabel enquired whether or not he knew the readiest way to the appointed place of meeting, to which the other replied in the negative, simply stating that all the direction he could give, was to incline as much as possible to the left of the mountain, as Denever Castle lay in that direction.

By this means, Mabel acquired the name of the place, of halt, which she so anxiously desired without asking the direct question, which must have sub-

jected her to suspicion on the part of the guard, as every soldier had had the route designated to him previous to their march, Donavan was fully satisfied with this interview, while the fellow no less gratified with the gold in hand, took his departure promising to follow as well as he was able and bear the body of Felix O'Brien on his horse to the commander at Denever Castle.

Having thus providentially escaped detection, Mabel proceeded on her way when after a while she gained the base of the black mountain, and instead of bearing off to the left she immediately turned to the right, and in that direction proceeded with all the dispatch her steed was capable of using.

After advancing several miles thus expeditiously, Donavan with infinite joy beheld in the distance some straggling

cottages, towards which she repaired though with some difficulty, as her steed began to feel the effects of the fatigue it had endured.

On arriving at the hamlet Mabel who was emboldened by the success which had attended her previous endeavours, instantly made towards the most respectable cottage the place afforded, where she produced the mandate of arrestation found in the pocket of the deceased soldier's vestments, in which she was then disguised, stating that she was delegated on weighty business for government, and that as her steed was incapable of proceeding further she must instantly be supplied with the best and fleetest horse the hamlet could produce, for which she would immediately pay down the value. The owner of the dwelling anxious to evince his love for the government, forthwith produced a palfrey in every respect

calculated for the purposes of Donavan who after partaking of a slight repast and giving food to Reginald, mounted the steed which she had purchased and proceeded in the route pointed out by the landlord of the cottage after her particular enquiries.

During two successive days and one night did Mabel continue on her journey without molestation, always adopting the same expedient as that she had had recourse to in the first instance, when it became necessary for her to procure a change of horses. At the close of the third night she gained in safety the neighbourhood of Aberistwith, where without a minute's delay she hired a vessel for her express conveyance from the Welch coast, after producing sufficient gold to bar the probability of any impertinent enquiries, and before the hour of midnight did Mabel Donavan find herself wafted by a

favorable breeze towards the shores of her much loved native soil the land of Erin.

During this short voyage Mabel carefully inspected the papers containing such orders as had been intended for the guidance of Felix O'Brien, from his quitting London until his arrival at the head quarters of Tyrone, by which it appeared that he was to have disembarked near Wexford, in consequence of which after a very prosperous voyage, the vessel made the point of Rave, when Donavan shortly after found herself safely landed on the Irish coast, near the town of Wexford.

As Donavan, from the documents in her possession, was given to understand that the forces raised to oppose Tyrone's proceedings, were scattered in different parts of the country, she determined on

retaining her disguise as an English trooper until she should arrive in the neighbourhood of Dundrum near Cashill, were the rebel forces were then encamped ; one point alone gave her some degree of uneasiness, as it was stated in the directions given to Felix O'Brien that if called upon at any time by the followers of Tyrone he was in such case to give a certain sign and token communicated to him by the Jesuits in London, with which she was herself wholly unacquainted. Trusting, however, that the packets then in her keeping would be of themselves a sufficient passport with the adherents of catholicism, she waved all scruples which this circumstance excited, and firm to the determination she had formed, no threatening peril could wean her from the darling purpose of her soul.

After having allowed a sufficient time for that rest of which Donavan and her

Reginald stood in so much need, from the dispatch with which she had travelled, her ardent mind which never wavered from the point proposed, again prompted her to resume her journey, when she took horse from the vicinity of Wexford and was soon on the road conducting towards Cashill.

During the whole of that day no event of any moment occurred to procrastinate her speed, and she enjoyed at night the renovating balm of sleep under the covert of a lowly dwelling, which she conceived better appropriated for concealment than a more commodious mansion. At an early hour the ensuing morning she again took horse in order to proceed upon her eventful journey, which proved successful until about mid-day, when a troop of English horsemen who were scouring the country to descry any straggling parties from Tyrone's encampment, suddenly

presented themselves at a little distance on the road, who advanced with speed towards Mabel; summoning her wonted equanimity she continued on without displaying any token of fear or embarrassment, when upon the coming up of the troop, the captain ordered his men to halt, while Donavan made the accustomed salute to the commander.

“ Whither art thou bound ? ” demanded the officer.

“ I bear dispatches for the governor of Cashill,” replied Mabel.

“ Knowest thou ought of their contents ? ” continued the captain of the troop, “ or bringest thou any public tidings of import ? ”

“ The emissary of Tyrone is dead,” answered Donavan, “ our troop surprised

“ him on the black mountains of Wales,
“ whither we marched from Cardiff Castle
“ after an express brought down from
“ London to the governor, giving a detail
“ of his then being on his route with
“ dispatches of import to the rebel army,
“ and these documents am I now en-
“ trusted with for the governor of Cashill,
“ who from their contents may be enabled
“ to counteract all the plans and movements
“ of the rebellious forces under Tyrone.”

“ Thou bringest news indeed,” replied
the officer, “ heaven send that our arms
“ may crush the efforts of the bloody
“ catholics.”

Donavan made no reply, she disdained
to utter *amen* against the dictates of her
soul, producing therefore the soldiers man-
date for the seizure of Felix O'Brien as a
convincing proof that her assertions were
grounded in fact, the commander never

doubted in the smallest degree the veracity of her assertions, and thus Mabel escaped the troop unsuspected.

During the residue of the day Mabel continued to advance with a light heart from the singular good fortune which had invariably crowned her bold expedients and steeled against every fear she pictured already the completion of her most sanguine wishes. 'Tis thus the mind will frequently delude itself with the brightest prospect, at the moment when the most eminent perils are awaiting to assail it, thus rendering the gloomy contrast still more appalling to the soul, bereaved alike of comfort and of hope by the stern mandate of despair.

The twilight of evening stole o'er the vaulted expanse above, as Donavan entered the coverts of an embrowning wood which threw a dubious light upon the

pathway, while the chattering crows retiring to roost, and the croaking of the raven perched upon the lofty trees, alone reverberated through the forest and broke the solemn stillness of the closing day.

From the enquiries previously made, Donavan felt assured that she could not be many miles distant from Cashill, and under that impression she heeded not the drawing in of night, feeling conscious that she should repose in the suburbs of that place, from whence the ensuing morning it was her intention to take horse by the dawn, and proceed without further halt to the plains in the environs of Dundrum, where Tyrone with his main force was then encamped.

Fully impressed with these cogitations, Donavan proceeded in her course till the last blush of light had faded from the view, and the stillness of nature proclaimed the

feathered tenants of the wood retired to peaceful rest, while thus occupied a shrill whistle on a sudden echoed on the breeze of night, which dissipated the thoughts of Mabel, who checking her steed made a momentary halt, but hearing nought save solemn stillness reign around, she again set forwards, but had not proceeded far along the road when she descried at a small distance before her the decrepid form of an old woman, who bending beneath the weight of years, seemed to hobble along with difficulty supported on a crutch which she bore in her hand, while at her side trotted on a shaggy dog, the faithful companion of his aged keeper.

“ Jesu be with thee,” said the old dame as navan approached her, who making a halt returned her blessing.

“How far is Cashill from hence?” said Donavan.

“Cashill,” reiterated the old woman raising her eyes and looking steadfastly upon the enquirer, “why thou art not going to Cashill sure.”

“Indeed good dame I am,” answered Donavan, and “even there expect to rest this very night,”

“Then surely none ere travelled yet so strange a route,” continued the old woman, “why thou art bearing off towards Thurles instead of Cashill, besides man what wouldest thou have at Cashill where nothing but fighting and slaughter now takes place?”

“Seest thou not I am a soldier,” replied Mabel?

“ Aye truly,” answered the dame, “ but
“ my eyes are dim and weak, and I did
“ not at first descry thy calling.—Thou
“ art an English trooper sure, and going to
“ support the cause of peace against
“ Tyrone’s rebellion, well heaven send
“ these bloody days were over say I—but
“ hark ye, soldier,” continued the old woman, after a pause, “ thou wilt find no
“ place of shelter for the night to screen
“ thee and thy boy, except it be my humble cottage, and to put thee in the direct
“ road to Cashill now were quite impossible.—Such as I have that will I
“ give,” continued the dame, “ if you
“ think meet to share my hospitality.”

Donavan completely disappointed at the information she had acquired, remained for a time debating on the plan she should pursue. To proceed forwards if in a wrong tract was folly, and to endeavour to regain the right road if it were

difficult, without any guide and in darkness, would only perhaps be the exposing herself to wander even further from the point; under these ideas coupled with the old woman's assurance that no resting place would present itself, Mabel at length resolved on accepting the proffered kindness of the dame, to whom she notified her intention, and then leisurely proceeded along the route beside her decrepid conductor.

“What forest is this?” enquired Mabel as they advanced along.

“’Tis Coolaghmore wood,” replied the woman.

“Why sure then this is the route to “Cashill,” resumed Donavan, who had been informed that she must pass that forest in her way thither

“ ’Tis true the traveller must pass Coolaghmore wood,” answered the dame, “ but this forest is large, and instead of proceeding to the left, thou hast kept the right hand tract, bearing in the direction for Kilkenny.”

“ Prithee what shrill sound was that I heard ?” demanded Donavan, “ ere I o’ertook thee on the road, but now ?—”

“ ’Twas I that whistled to my dog, who lagged behind,” replied the dame.

“ Then sounds deceive me mightily,” answered Mabel, “ for I would have ventured any odds that the whistle proceeded from some individual in the rear.”

The old woman was silent and still kept on with all the alacrity she was able, when suddenly branching off from the

road, she struck into a very narrow winding pathway, completely obscured and at times almost impassable, owing to the low branches of the trees, which skirted the path on either side. After a considerable period spent in this way, they arrived at length at a small opening, which skirted an eminence, whose acclivity was covered with the lofty foliage of the forest, at the verge of which, at a small lattice burnt a dim light, while the habitation was embosom'd in complete gloom.

“Yonder is my dwelling,” exclaimed the old woman, “it will yield thee a shelter, if it has to boast no better fare.”

Donavan returned her thanks, while they continued advancing, and arrived shortly after at the door of the habitation, which did not however appear so insignificant, as the dame had described it,

having besides adjoining it a large building which appeared to be a barn connected with the cottage.

The old woman having opened the door requested her guest to alight, which Mabel accordingly did, when the hostess, leading the child into the cottage, presently returned with a light, and hobbling across an adjacent yard bade Donavan open the door, which presented itself, when a convenient stable for the horse appeared, and Mabel following the instructions of the dame, soon found corn and hay for her palfrey, which she gave the jaded animal, and then repaired to the interior of the dwelling.

In a few minutes the homely food was spread upon the board, of which Donavan partook with thankfulness, while Reginald hungry and fatigued shared of the renovating viands, while the old woman unob-

served by Mabel sometimes ey'd the child with penetrating looks, and at others bent on the features of its mother, the most enquiring regards, while an indescribable expression, marked her wrinkled, and sun burnt phisiognomy.

Scarcely was the repast ended, ere the boy sunk into the most profound sleep, which was immediately noticed by the hostess, who informed Donavan that the chamber appropriated for their rest, was ready, and the rug prepared so soon as she thought it expedient to retire. As Mabel felt no wish to enter into conversation, least curiosity might prompt the dame to make any minute enquiries, she forthwith took the hint, and raising the lamp stated her wish to retire ; upon which she bade the dame a good night, and following her direction ascended the stairs, which communicated with the chamber, carrying Reginald in her right arm, when raising

the latch of the door, designated by the hostess, who continued at the bottom of the stair-case, she once more bade her good night with a blessing, and then closing too the portal, proceeded to commit her son to the rug. after which offering up her accustomed devotional effusions of gratitude to the mother of God, she left the lamp burning on the hearth, and without divesting her person of the male attire, in which she had disguised herself, stretched her form beside that of the entranced Reginald, and consigned her weary frame to the influence of gentle sleep, soft soother of the troubled breast.

Bodily fatigue however conducive to sleep will frequently prove for a time inefficient and such was the case with Donavan, who strove in vain to banish thought from her pillow ; every event of her journey recurred in succession to her fancy, and notwithstanding the cordial welcome she

had experienced from the hostess of the mansion, which then afforded her a shelter; she could not divest her mind of a degree of uneasiness, notwithstanding she found it impossible to adduce any motive for her mental disquietude. At times Mabel conceived that she heard the sound of voices, when starting up on the rug, she would listen in breathless anxiety but to no effect, her momentary fears were repaid by a silence that seemed to laugh to scorn the fancied apprehension. Worn out with this species of mental torture, the downy pinions of sleep at length were extended o'er the form of Donovan, who soon became lost to every thing, but the visionary chimeras of a disturbed and harassed brain.

CHAP. VIII.

And are my trials then to find no end?
But singled out; is fate to point at me,
The subject of its wrath? Better be naught;
Than like the weathercock prove fortune's sport;
Subjected to each adverse blast that swells
The tide of human miseries.

Wreckless she stood of ev'ry present ill,
Nor cou'd death's barbed arrow scare her soul;
Nerv'd in the cause of virtue.—
——Lo, where she stands,
Like the Archangel, 'fore whose radiant face
Shrunk Satan, and his host appall'd.—Such force,
And sway resistless, doth attend the arm;
Rear'd to espouse the cause of innocence,
'Gainst lawless tyranny, and fiend-like hate.

THE trance continued for a while to
annihilate every idea in the breast of

Mabel, who enjoyed beside her boy a feverish sleep, the attendant of an active mind, which has been subjected to trials of a painful and dangerous tendency. The bonds of sleep were at length broken when Donavan but little refreshed from this species of repose, quitted her rug, and by the aid of the lamp, repaired to refresh her parch'd lips, with a draught of water.

Having swallowed the cooling beverage she retired again to the place of rest, and endeavoured, though in vain, to court the return of sleep ; in this restless state, a short period transpired, when Mabel's attention was suddenly arrested by sounds, which, although indistinct, seemed to proceed from several persons, either within the dwelling, or not far from it.

The lateness of the hour, the lonely situation in which the dwelling stood,

conjoined with the unpleasant sensations which had previously taken possession of Donavan's mind, prompted her to regard with circumspection every incident that might occur, in addition to which, finding herself incapable of tasting the soothing influence of sleep, she partly raised herself, and seated on the rug, lent the most attentive ear to every passing sound.

In this watchful state Mabel had not continued long, ere she became assured that several persons must be within the cottage, which was an event but little calculated to calm those emotions which pervaded her breast.

As Donavan remembered well that the stairs by which she had ascended to her chamber, conducted immediately to the apartment in which she had partaken of the supper, she quitted the pallet and advanced with the most cautious steps to

the portal of the room she occupied, when raising the latch without creating the least noise, she opened the door, and beheld before her a flight of steps, involved in darkness. After a pause of some moments, during which no sound was heard, to interrupt the reigning stillness of the solitary hour, Donavan descended the stairs, at the bottom of which she once more halted, and strove in vain to catch a passing murmur, that might be wafted on the breeze of night.

Cool and collected in her measures, Mabel proceeded warily to raise the latch of the portal, opening immediately into the chamber, which she effected without creating the least noise, when moving the door she was enabled to give an imperfect glance into the apartment, which she found to be illumined only by the dull rays of a lamp that stood within the chimney, which being ancient, was of

sufficient expanse to admit persons on either side the fire; while from its situation which was immediately beside the stair-caise, by which Mabel had descended it was impossible for her to discern any human form that might be there, without advancing further into the apartment.

As the same dreary silence continued, Donavan opening the portal still wider, descended into the chamber, where to her no small astonishment, she beheld her hostess seated on a bench beside the hearth, absorbed in soundest sleep, while on a hook projecting from the brass lamp, was hung the key which Mabel remembered was the same that her hostess had used, in order to open the outer portal of the cottage, on her first entrance into it, the preceding evening.

Mabel's first conjecture was that the old dame might have fallen asleep, when

suddenly the noises she had heard recurred to her memory, which awakened her caution, and prompted her to desist from awakening her hostess, a step she had in the first instance intended to adopt. Thus debating within herself, Donavan continued for a time, when a distant sound caught her ear, which as it grew louder, proved to be the trampling of horses hoofs, which shortly advanced at full speed towards the door of the cottage while several male voices were distinctly heard conversing in the Irish tongue.

Fully alive to her situation Donavan forthwith retired to the staircase, and nearly closing too the door, awaited to ascertain, if possible, the sequel of this adventure, when no sooner had she thus placed herself, but three distinct knocks were given on the portal, at which the hostess awakened from her sleep, immediately quitted the bench, and bearing the

light in her hand, forthwith opened the door with the key, which was suspended from it, giving admission to several male figures, whose persons Mabel was incapable of discerning with precision, from the cautious manner in which she was compelled to keep the portal almost closed for fear of detection.

“Are our comrades yet arrived?” demanded one of the strangers in the Irish brogue, as he entered, with which dialect Donavan was perfectly conversant.

“They have been here long ago,” answered the dame, “and there is rare news for ye this night.”

“What news Judith,” enquired another voice, in harsh accents.

“News in sooth; that ye have to thank myself and O’Phelim for,” an-

swered the antiquated dame. “What
“ think ye lads of an English soldier, and
“ an heretical spy, conjoined in one, and
“ that I have the villain now within my
“ dwelling.”

“ By the immaculate Jesus and all the
“ saints in heaven,” exclaimed a male
voice in the most harsh and dissonant
tone. “ I will send him to his damned
“ brethren: say Judith, where is the
“ renegade ?”

“ Tush ! tush ! man !” answered Ju-
dith ; “ there hath been converse on
“ this same business, and it is ordered that
“ he be not put to death until torture draw
“ from him, the whole tenor of his mission,
“ for much it is supposed is vested in his
“ keeping.”

“ How know'st thou, that he is a spy,
“ and an English trooper ?” enquired
another of the party.

“ Oh ! by Saint Patrick, there is little
“ doubt indeed of that,” answered the mis-
tress of the cottage, “ for I have rifled
“ the pocket during his sleep which con-
tained “ an order for the seizure of Fe-
“ lix O’Brien, one of our trusty leaders
“ or any of our fellows besides, the va-
“ gabond carries his condemnation on his
“ back, for the doublet and vestments he
“ wears, are similar to the heretics of
“ his party.”

“ And so he bears the mandate for the
“ arrestation of Felix O’Brien ?” — de-
manded one of the party, in a resolute
yet fix’d tone of voice, bespeaking the
bloody determination which sway’d his
soul.

“ I tell thee he did,” answered the
dame, “ and if thou needst more proof,
“ why look ye, here is the instrument.”

“Can any one here decypher their
“damned language?” demanded one of
the fellows, in a sullen tone of voice, at
which all the party was silent.

“How didst thou know this to be such
“a mandate?” resumed the fellow who
had first questioned the old dame.

“’Twas Lucius O’Reilly the priest
“that said but now the mass,”—an-
swered the hostess, “and ’twas he that
“ordered me to keep him for exami-
“nation, as it would be of import.”

“Had any but a priest forbidden it,”
answered the same individual, “by all
“the powers above, I had e’en been his
“torturer, and torn from his breast the
“damned heart of him.”

After their harangue, a silence of some
moments ensued, during which the si-

tuation of Mabel Donavan was painful beyond conception; as she knew that the person alluded to, was no other than herself. A variety of contending ideas now rushed upon her fancy in quick succession. To endeavour to convince the party of her innocence, and the real intent of her journey and disguise, she well knew would be impracticable, as the very dispatches which she had concealed, in order to deliver them in safety to Tyrone, could not be understood by those in whose power she found herself betrayed; besides the order for the seizure of Felix O'Brien obtained by the subtle hostess, and the assurance of a priest, that she was no other than a spy, were in themselves sufficient proofs to counter-balance in their minds, every just plea of innocence she had to adduce.

While these cogitations arose in the mind of Donavan, the individuals who

had given birth to her apprehensions, after a short period retired from the chamber, while Mabel desirous of securing the dispatches to Tyrone and the remittance in gold, of which he stood in need, reascended the stairs, and withdrawing them from beneath the pallet, where she had concealed them; bound them around her body in the leathern girdle, where they had originally been secreted,

Mabel next began to consider the expedient, most conducive to safety, in the present dangerous predicament; when after mature deliberation, she pursued the following measures, with her accustomed coolness and firm determination.

The dangers with which Donavan felt herself environed, were sufficient to warn her against falling into the hands of her pursuers if possible, and for that purpose having completely array'd herself, she

once more descended the staircase, when the dead silence which reign'd within the chamber beneath, convinced her that all the male party had retired. Being fully assured on this head, Mabel with a light and quick step remounted the stairs, when concealing the poignard in her bosom, which had previously rendered her such essential service, and raising her child from the rug she took the lamp, determined to surprize the treacherous bel-dam in the chamber below, and compel her by fear to give her egress from the dwelling, and conduct her to her horse, but in case of refusal, individual preservation had led her to determine on the immolation of the wretch whose art had enveigled her into the snare that threatened the life of herself and her darling Reginald.

Firmly resolved on this mode of procedure, Donavan quickly descended the

stairs, and raising the latch, darted into the chamber, when she found herself infinitely gratified on perceiving that the old dame was not present and that she had taken away with her the lamp, as the light borne by Mabel alone enabled her to discern the interior of the apartment. Donavan immediately advanced with a light heart to the portal of the cottage, which she endeavoured to open, but in vain; as the bolts were turned, and the key conveyed from the lock. In vain did Mabel search the chamber, for a time her endeavour was fruitless, and her spirits sunk within her. The casement on a sudden obtruded itself on her recollection, and she flew to essay that mode of escape, but with the same want of success, the lattice was completely barred, and so secured withinside, as to render all attempts to procure an escape by that means absolutely impracticable.

Foiled in her endeavours Mabel gave a few moments to consideration, during which period, a degree of desperation animated her spirits, and she proceeded to examine with care, every angle of the chamber; after continuing this scrutinizing enquiry, for some time without success, the pressure of her hand against a part of the pannel, caused it to yield in some measure to the touch, when Donavan elevating the light, and examining the wainscotting with care, at length perceived a sliding pannel, which having shifted aside with ease, a dark and narrow avenue presented itself to her gaze, which, notwithstanding the glare emitted from the lamp of Donavan, was in the distance obscured in total darkness.

Still bearing the child on one arm, and grasping the light in the other hand, Mabel nerved with a magnanimous spirit that prompted her to dare the worst, ut-

tered a short ejaculation to the mother of her redeemer, and then proceeded boldly forward to explore the termination of this newly discovered avenue.

The passage after winding for a time, terminated in a narrow flight of steps, which Donavan was on the point of ascending, when the confused sound of voices arrested her attention, while close at her side, a moan deep and piteous, was suddenly heard to swell along the vaultings of the passage : raising the lamp, Mabel looked around with a scrutinizing glance, when the repetition of the groan directed her eye to a narrow door-way, which had previously escaped her attention, being obscured by the shade of the steps, which were placed over it.

The perils which surrounded Donavan on every side, had not obliterated from her mind, a feeling for the misery of

others, and fully conscious that the sounds she had heard, must proceed from some fellow creature in distress, she instantly advanced to the portal, when a repetition of the exclamation convinced her that the sufferer was then confined within the cell adjoining—Fully conscious of this, Mabel approached the door, which she found completely barred, so as to preclude the power of liberating the being in confinement, upon which striking the broken pannel with some degree of force she demanded in a low tone.

“Speak, who is it inhabits this dreary cell?”

After some moments, a voice in tremulous accents replied.

“A being wretched and undone, who only claims the visitation of death to end her mental and corporeal miseries.”

“Is it a female speaks?” demanded Donavan.

“Yes, a wretched and forsaken woman,” was the response.

Donavan, whose heart was touched, was on the point of making a reply, and by enquiries endeavour to discover the avocation of those connected with the habitation, when at that instant the sound of the voices above became more clamorous, while the trampling of feet gave evident token that some individuals were advancing towards the ladder; there was no time for consideration, and Mabel therefore extinguishing the lamp rushed precipitately from the spot, and in a few seconds found herself advanced a considerable way along the passage, by which she had lately passed, when resting the lamp upon the brick flooring she placed her

hand on the poignard in her bosom, and there awaited the sequel of this event.

In a few moments Donavan discerned a door opening at the summit of the flight of steps, from whence issued a strong glare of light, and in a second three male figures one of whom bore a blazing torch came forth, when they instantly descended the ladder. On arriving at the bottom instead of advancing to the passage where Mabel had taken her station they forthwith proceeded to unlock the portal which she had so recently quitted, when one of the men entering, shortly after came forth leading by the hand a female form, whose features were concealed by a profusion of hair that hung dishevelled o'er her visage, while a loose white vestment hung in folds around her thin form.

On gaining the bottom of the steps one of the men in an authoritative tone of

voice commanded the female to ascend, which mandate she obeyed in silence while the three male forms whose accoutrements and countenances were of the most repulsive cast, followed her steps and on arriving at the summit pushed open the portal and led her forward into the chamber, when the door closed, and a confused sound of voices alone broke the stillness of the solemn hour.

Mabel, in whose soul the most pitying emotions prevailed for the destitute situation of the helpless stranger, with nimble step reascending the ladder, when she found the portal on a jar, so that she was not only enabled to hear the converse which transpired, but could discern the individuals assembled, who wore the most desperate aspects, while in their girdles glittered unsheathed daggers, and at their sides were suspended broad swords, in addition to which several carabines were piled in the

corner of the spacious chamber which Donavan instantly conjectured must be the interior of the building which had worn the appearance of a simple barn.

The number of men present amounted to fourteen, who were seated at a long oaken table, on which were flaggons of beverage, while on an antique elbow chair rested the seeming captain of this fierce troop, beside whom sat the dreadful old wretch who had the preceeding evening lured Donavan into her snare. From the door where Mabel stood, three steps in a descent led down into the chamber, between the bottom of which and the table stood the unfortunate female who had so powerfully interested Donavan while her three conductors continued at no great distance from her. Immediately opposite the entrance at the further end of the room was rudely designed against the wall a representation of the crucifixion, while

beneath, a table was placed, which in some respects bore the appearance of an altar.

“ Art thou inexorable still ?” demanded the seeming captain of the band, addressing his speech to the female form before him.

After a pause she replied thus. “ Why bringest thou me again forward but to urge thy wrath. I tell thee, death were preferable to the abandonment of my faith, and torture I’d receive with the smile of beneficence ere thou should’st become the legal lord of this poor weak and mortal frame.”

“ Curse on thy stubborn soul,” exclaimed the old beldam, “ thou lost to every hope of grace.”

“ Peace, mother,” exclaimed the lowering chieftain, “ thy son no more shall

“dally with this imp of hell. To the
“torture with her,” vociferated the stern
captain, rising with impetuosity from his
seat, and striking the hilt of his dagger
with violence upon the board.

“Do with me as ye will,” answered the
suffering innocent, “my spirit soon shall
“join thee, well beloved of my soul.—
“Yes, O’Connaught, thy Anna’s spirit soon
“shall meet thee in the realms of everlast-
“ing peace.”

“To your work,” again exclaimed the
enraged commander, “or by saint Pat-
“rick —— he paused, his lips trembled
and wore the pallid hue of rage, while his
speech was stifled with excess of ungo-
vernable passion.

Obedient to the will of their chief the
ruffians proceeded to tear the white vest-
ments from her delicate form, while a

hellish appearance of malignity played on the features of the detestable old dame, who by her language urged the instruments of her son's fury to affix a cord to her wrists, by which she was shortly bound to a large iron ring in the wall, while her neck and bosom of milky hue, nearly to the middle were bared and subject to the monster-like gaze of her persecutor and his slaves.

“Wilt thou repent” demanded the chief, in a rage bordering on frenzy.

“Never,” resumed the lovely sufferer.

“Her fate then is resolved,” continued he, “to your duty, her blood be on her own head.”

At the mandate, two of the troop drawing their swords advanced towards the victim, who like the figure of resignation and despair, with eyes uplifted, seemed

offering an internal prayer for the speedy termination of her anguish.

“ Let her breasts first meet the sharp
“ edge of the steel” was the savage chief-
tain’s command.

The magnanimous spirit of Mabel could bear no more, fearless of danger and impending death, she burst open the portal with vehemence, and rapidly descending the steps, placed herself between the female and the ministers of death, exclaiming aloud—

“ Through my body alone shall ye pierce
“ her.”

With Reginald twined in her left arm, she drew forth the dagger and brandishing the steel in air, seemed by her look to bid the wretches a stern defiance.

After the first impulse of astonishment had subsided, the beldam exclaimed.—
“ ’Tis the English renegade, the heretic
“ and spy.”

“ Be they both damned together,”
vociferated the leader, who making a
sign, six of the ruffians present flew to
their carabines, and pointed them at Do-
navan, awaited only the order for death.

“ Fire an ye please,” continued Dona-
van in the Irish tongue, at the same time
rending open her vestment, and displaying
the proof of her real sex, “ fire, ye das-
“ tards, and thus immolate a second female,
“ who boasts the title of Moor O’Mara’s
“ wife, while in her arms she bears the
“ infant of his blood——my son, my
“ Reginald O’Mara.”

END OF VOL. II.



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